

# Zion's Herald

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### RANAVOLO.\*

BY REV. THOS. PEARL BRIGGS.

Queen of Madagascar,  
Thy worth we gladly own;  
The life of wondrous faith and prayer  
Shone brighter than thy crown.

When thou wert crowned as queen,  
God's Word was by thy side,  
And on a canopy was seen  
These words which still abide,—

"Glory to God on high,  
Good-will to earth to men!  
O God, my Ruler, ever nigh,  
Grant me a peaceful reign!"

In public, openly,  
Thy Saviour thou didst own,  
And at His feet most willingly  
Lay down thy royal crown.

The missions of our God  
A helper found in thee,  
Forstaid in God's own truthful Word,  
O nurse of liberty!

Goodness in thee was seen  
In all thy words and ways,  
Leading thy people, faithful Queen,  
To serve thy God with praise.

Three hundred thousand men  
Thy idols cast away,  
And quickly joined their noble queen  
In serving God for aye!

The shackles fell from slaves,  
Good-will filled all the land  
Like ocean's irresistible waves  
By Ranavolo's hand!

Where'er the truth is taught,  
Thy name shall sacred be—  
A name with holy memories fraught  
In all that makes men free!

A short but prosperous reign  
God gave in love to thee;  
Thy daily prayer was not in vain  
For peace and liberty.

We praise, O God, Thy name,  
For Africa's noblest queen,  
That this dark land of sin and shame  
Such love and truth hath seen!

Haste, haste, O Christ, the time  
When rulers such as she  
Shall reign o'er every clime  
For God and liberty!

\* Queen Ranavolo of Madagascar died July 13,  
1883.

### BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, MADRAS.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

The English are pre-eminently  
town-builders and trade-compellers.  
The three great sea-port cities of  
India—Bombay, Calcutta, and Mad-  
ras—are to-day the chief monuments  
of British rule in that country.

Madras, third in population, en-  
terprise, and importance, was the  
first to be founded. Its date is 1639.  
Bombay came next, having been  
ceded to the British crown by Portu-  
gal in 1661—an island with almost  
no inhabitants and containing the  
slightest possible prospect of its future  
greatness. The year of Calcutta's  
beginning, under Job Charnock, is  
generally put at 1690, though it was  
not till ten years later that Fort Wil-  
liam was erected and the infant settle-  
ment became somewhat secure.

The marvel about Madras is that  
it has grown to its present size—up-  
wards of four hundred thousand—  
without having by nature the small-  
est semblance of a harbor. The ships  
lie in a perfectly open roadstead  
whence they are obliged to put to sea  
with all speed whenever the storm  
signals are hung out from the obser-  
vatory; and the breaking waves dash  
high and strong on a straight, surf-  
beaten shore.

The Madras beach is indeed a  
grand one. I hardly know of its  
equal anywhere, certainly not in the  
vicinity of a large city. Its deficien-  
cies from a commercial point of view,  
add greatly to its attractiveness as a  
place in which to commune with  
nature. There are no huge wharves,  
no massive buildings, no ships of any  
consequence to intercept the view or  
distract the mind. The shore runs  
in a straight line of hard sand for  
many miles. Here the waves beat  
ceaselessly, rearing and plunging  
with their crested fronts of green and  
white, and dashing themselves against  
the unyielding ground as if to force a

passage. Sheet after sheet of snowy  
foam is laid upon the sands. Billow  
after billow expends its strength for  
naught, and breaks its heart in the  
effort to reach higher up the strand  
than its fellow. Over nearly half  
the horizon the eye roams at will,  
filling itself with the boundless ex-  
panse. There is nothing to obstruct  
the vision or spoil the grand effect.  
There is a breadth to the prospect, a  
massiveness in the scene, rarely at-  
tained. Sea and sky blend into one.  
Air and water have it all their own  
way and completely dominate the  
senses of the spectator. He yields  
himself to their spell, and does not  
soon tire of the thoughts and feelings  
which they awake within him.

Within the past few years a vigor-  
ous and costly attempt has been made  
to remedy the very evident deficiency  
of Madras as a port by creating an  
artificial harbor. A breakwater,  
formed by huge blocks of concrete  
and rubble stone closely compacted,  
has been run out 3,500 feet into the  
sea. The two arms of this structure,  
at their outermost extremities, bend  
at right angles and approach each  
other, enclosing a space of smooth  
water, nearly square, where a small  
number of the largest ships can find  
shelter. It has not yet fulfilled the  
hopes of its projectors, and there are  
grave doubts whether it ever will.  
A cyclone last year knocked over,  
with very little ceremony and appar-  
ently no trouble at all, a large share  
of the more exposed portion of the  
work, and the harbor charges for the  
present very limited accommodations  
have been rendered so high by the  
great cost of the enterprise as to drive  
away a considerable part of the little  
commerce enjoyed before.

So the peculiar surf boats used for  
the landing of cargo are still seen  
lining the shore and attracting the  
attention of visitors. They are broad  
and deep, pointed at both ends, and  
fitted with poles across the top  
whereon sit the rowers. No iron  
whatever is used about them. They  
are made of mango wood, the boards  
of which are sewed strongly together  
with coconut fibre and caulked with  
straw rope. This singular construc-  
tion makes them very flexible, so that  
they ride the surges easily. They  
readily bend, but do not often break.

Quite different from these are the  
little catamarans which dot the waters  
in every direction. They are simply  
three or four logs tied together in  
such a way that one projects in front,  
and the two at the sides are a trifle  
higher than those between. It is a  
raft with a slight approach to the  
boat form, so as to assist in its pro-  
pulsion through the water. It cannot  
sink, neither can it be kept dry. If a  
person has skill enough to stick on,  
and strength enough to force it along,  
he may find it very useful. It is  
employed chiefly by the fishermen.

There is not much else in Madras  
worthy of note. The common natives  
of the street—Tamil in race, a little  
shorter of stature and darker of com-  
plexion than the Aryans of the north  
—speak English much more generally  
than in any other city of India. The  
Eurasians are more numerous and  
hold a higher place. Here alone a  
Missionary College outranks in num-  
bers, prestige, and success at the  
examinations all the government in-  
stitutions. The Medical College here  
has distanced in liberality its fellows  
of Beugal and Bombay by being the  
first to open its doors to women.  
Madras also has the most flourishing  
Bible and Tract Society. But the  
city as a whole is not very attractive  
or prosperous, and is not entirely un-  
deserving of the epithet "benighted"  
which is sometimes applied to it.

There are no horse-cars, no gas-  
lights, and few, if any, fine build-  
ings. Bombay is very different from this.  
The traveler finds nowhere else in the  
same compass so magnificent a group  
of public buildings. In a short prom-  
enade through what is still called the  
Fort—though the ramparts have  
long been leveled—he sees a dozen  
or twenty separate structures, every  
one of which merits long study  
and extended description. They are  
built of stone in the most solid man-  
ner, and yet with such profuseness  
and variety of adornment, and such  
abundance of architectural skill, as to  
be by no means heavy or monotonous  
in appearance. They also have the

advantage of plenty of room, not  
being crowded in upon narrow streets,  
as is so often the case with city ed-  
fices, and so spoiled of half their  
effect.

The population approaches eight  
hundred thousand, giving this city a  
rank in the British Empire second  
only to London. It surpasses that  
great metropolis in the multiplicity of  
its races and religions and the vast  
variety in the personal appearance of  
the people. The different styles of  
head-covering noticeable in any large  
crowd there, and marking off an  
entirely distinct caste, or belief, or  
nationality, would reach well into  
the scores.

The most marked of these cover-  
ings would probably be the lofty,  
pyramidal black or white hat of the  
Parsees. These descendants of the  
old Persian fire-worshippers are a very  
interesting and most enterprising race.  
In his choice of names, among other  
things, the heathen Parsee is scarcely  
less peculiar than his more Oriental  
brother. Jamsetjee, Jeejeebhoy, Cur-  
setjee, Ready money, Muncherjee  
Burjiji, Rehemoobhoy Allana, Chel-  
labhai Hurridas, Dinshar Davar,  
Bhawoossu Khakeebhoy Pudumser,  
are a few out of many similar that may  
be seen on sign-boards and gate-  
posts by any passer through the  
streets of Bombay.

It is well known that these people  
are peculiar, also, in the manner of  
disposing of their dead. Their famous  
Towers of Silence, the outside of  
which we saw on the top of Malabar  
Hill (the most eligible site for resi-  
dences in the whole city), scarcely  
fulfill one's ordinary idea of a tower,  
since the breadth or diameter is more  
than three times the height. They  
are circular whitened sepulchres,  
twenty-five feet high. A door near  
the top of the wall, reached by an in-  
clined plane, admits the corpse to an  
inner platform, and there, after being  
stripped of its garments by the attend-  
ant priests, it is stripped of its flesh  
by the attendant vultures which can  
be always seen sitting round on the  
walls in solemn silence waiting to  
perform their ghastly office. As I  
came down the hill after my visit I  
met two funeral processions going up,  
and I could but feel that in one thing  
the Parsee custom is preferable to  
ours. Everything about the corpse  
and the mourners was pure white.  
They walked before and behind the  
bier, two by two, each couple con-  
nected by a handkerchief whose ends  
they held; this union is regarded as  
a help in keeping off the evil spirits  
which are supposed to hover about the  
dead.

Besides the eighty-nine Mohammed-  
an mosques, and still more numer-  
ous Hindu temples, there are re-  
ported to be thirty-three Parsee fire  
temples, but none of them are con-  
spicuous. Nor are the Christian  
churches either numerous or note-  
worthy. Indeed, Bombay as a whole  
has not much reputation for religion,  
being too much absorbed in buying  
and selling and getting gain. The  
wealthy Parsee spends his money  
freely where it will bring him in  
reputation; but it takes the direction  
of statues, and hospitals, and schools  
of art, and drinking fountains, rather  
than temples. And the view from  
any high point embraces very few  
spires or minarets, or other tokens  
of religious worship. The tall chim-  
neys of the cotton mills, pouring forth  
smoke, stand out much more prom-  
inently; for Bombay takes a very  
decided lead in this industry, having  
more cotton mills than all the rest  
of India taken together, besides rank-  
ing second only to New Orleans as a  
cotton port.

Calcutta, on the other hand, has  
almost a monopoly of the jute mills,  
and is the great port, also, for tea  
and indigo. The wheat and opium  
trade is divided between these two  
rival cities. Calcutta—population  
about six hundred thousand—though  
it has nothing like the splendid natural  
harbor of Bombay, being indeed a  
hundred miles from the sea on a  
river whose channel is very difficult  
of navigation, formerly had about all  
the commerce, and still retains the  
pre-eminence in this respect, though  
Bombay, since the American war  
gave its cotton trade such a lift, and  
since the Suez Canal rendered it the  
nearest port to Europe, has made im-  
mense gains. Calcutta owes its

wealth and trade to the fact that it is  
the most convenient point for receiv-  
ing and dispatching over seas the  
bountiful products of the valleys of  
the two great rivers, the Ganges and  
the Brahmaputra. Rangoon does  
the same for the valley of the Irra-  
wady, and Kurrachee for the valley of  
the Indus. And of these five chief  
foreign ports Calcutta and Bombay  
are credited with eighty per cent. of  
the trade, while Madras has but six,  
Rangoon four, and Kurrachee two.

Calcutta is the capital, having the  
Government House and being the  
winter residence of the viceroy. This  
makes it the centre of thought  
and influence. What little of literary  
skill India possesses has its chief seat  
here. It is the place of publication  
of the principal papers, periodicals  
and books. It is progressive, origi-  
nating the new movements in educa-  
tion and religion, and developing the  
greatest amount of important public  
opinion. It is the religious and intel-  
lectual, as well as the political, capital  
of the country. The largest colleges  
are here, and the largest body of  
educated men has come out from, and  
gathers about, the Calcutta Univer-  
sity. Its monthly Missionary Con-  
ference is a power, and is the main  
representative and spokesman for the  
missionaries of India.

Its public buildings, though not  
equal to those of Bombay, are credit-  
able, and its private residences are  
superior, so much so as to give it the  
name "city of palaces." In its  
splendid Botanical Garden it pos-  
sesses the largest banyan tree in the  
world. It has a Cathedral and a  
Museum worth visiting, and many  
flourishing churches.

Madras! Bombay! Calcutta!  
Though differing in much, they agree  
in this, that their heathen multitudes  
are sadly in need of Gospel light and  
power. Oh, for more prayer, more  
ghost, and more men filled with the  
Holy Ghost to illuminate these dark  
places and make them centres of  
evangelization for the whole country!  
If they were once soundly converted,  
the provinces that look to them for  
leadership would not long delay.

### SALVATION IN A CIRCUS.

BY REV. W. H. MEREDITH.

A Methodist Episcopalian in a cir-  
cus usually means a violation of the  
Discipline, nor does the excuse of an  
American deacon on being found in a  
London theatre—"I'm having a few  
weeks to myself now"—help matters;  
but being in an English city where  
thousands nightly flock to the circus,  
we yielded to the temptation and went  
with the multitude. The city was  
Bristol; the circus, the great rendez-  
vous of the Salvation Army.

The Army comes Bristol to the scene  
of its greatest triumphs. To see its  
operations there, is to see them in  
any great English centre. Less than  
three years ago a small detachment  
came "to take Bristol" with its 250-  
000 inhabitants. Finding a very old  
and long-discarded circus building,  
owned by a brewer, they leased it,  
rudely patched it up so as to keep out  
the rain, and began the campaign  
there. The circus seats about 2,250,  
but on Sundays no less than 3,000  
persons crowd into it.

On the second evening of our stay  
in the old city we went to the circus.  
Arriving about an hour before meet-  
ing time, we found at least two hun-  
dred persons present, waiting for  
service to begin. Soon the two hundred  
increased to nearly two thousand,  
the regular every evening congrega-  
tion. The Sunday morning prayer-  
meeting at 7 o'clock has about the  
same number, while the other three  
Sunday services are attended by a  
congregation which fills its utmost  
capacity, and counts nearly three  
thousand souls.

Let us look around. It is a circular  
wooden building. The ring is floored  
and seated and the rising galleries all  
around the building are filled to the  
roof with backless seats. Opposite the  
main entrance is a small platform  
with three chairs and a table upon it.  
This is the pulpit, or the officers'  
quarters, whence issue the words of  
command. Scattered all over the  
house, especially in the gallery be-  
hind the platform, are the soldiers, of  
both sexes. Many of them are in  
uniform, others are distinguished by

a silver badge on the breast, a "sal-  
vation bonnet" on the head, or a red  
salvation neckerchief around the neck.  
On the lower seats and nearest the  
Captain's stand are the "Hallelujah  
Lasses" with tambourines in their  
hands, which they beat and shake  
vigorously as they and the people  
sing, waiting for the regular services  
to commence. Presently a full brass  
band is heard approaching the build-  
ing. Then it rushes a great crowd  
of people, when lo! the brass band also  
enters, led by the Captain and Lieu-  
tenant, and in a few moments the house  
is well filled with people—an odd noise.  
The band has been doing its nightly  
duty of leading about one thousand  
soldiers through the city streets sing-  
ing as they go, halting here and there  
to exhort the pursuing crowd to come  
and follow Jesus.

The Captain, a lithe and really live  
man of about a hundred and thirty  
pounds avoirdupois, leaps upon the  
platform, seizes from the nearest  
"lass" a tambourine, beats upon it  
with his knuckles, then strikes it  
upon his knees, forehead and chin,  
shouts "Glory! Glory! Glory!" and  
the meeting has begun. He seems  
not to have a bone in his body. Soon  
he unbuttons his soldier's coat, takes  
off his collar and throws it upon the  
little table, and looks around as if  
now fully ready for the battle. His  
highly-strung nerves, pale face, and  
emaciated frame show him to be a  
living sacrifice fast burning out his  
life in a good cause.

Before describing the meeting, let  
us look around upon the congregation.  
Mostly they are the roughest speci-  
mens of humanity. The faces of  
both men and women are traced and  
furrowed with marks of vice. The  
men are known in the city as navvies,  
dock-fanciers, scavengers, drunks,  
thieves, "outside-of-the-gate-ers." The  
women and girls are of the same class  
of the community. Near us sit  
about two hundred girls, with arms  
bare nearly to the shoulders, and  
washed tolerably clean as far up as  
the elbows, their heads bare, their  
hair shining with hair oil, their torn  
and dirty dresses covered all around  
with huge white (?) aprons. They  
are glue factory girls. One here and  
there has a badge or a neckerchief on  
to show that she is a convert and a  
soldier. On many a female face  
scarred by sin there seems to be a  
new light, a solar ray, gleaming  
through the skin, emanating from the  
"true Light" now shining within  
them. That their transfiguration has  
begun, is clearly evident. Certainly,  
in this circus are gathered specimens  
from the lowest stratum of the masses.

We ask, "Where would the most  
of these people be if not here?" Cer-  
tainly, in the public houses, i. e., rum  
holes, brothels, theatres, convivial  
rooms, dancing halls, or prisons of  
the city. We thank God they are in  
so good a place as this old circus,  
and pray that the Holy Spirit may de-  
scend to convict, convert, sanctify,  
and teach us all. Such a congrega-  
tion we never expect to see again.

But the service has begun, for the  
Captain is still beating with and beat-  
ing upon his tambourine. Turning  
to the soldiers immediately behind  
the stand, he cries, "Fire a volley!"  
to which they all respond by shouting  
"Amen!" "Fire another!" Then  
"Amen!" "Glory!" "Halleluia!"  
is heard from soldiers all over the  
house, brass band included. The  
next word of command is, "Out with  
your linen!" and instantly hundreds of  
handkerchiefs are waved for a wave  
offering. Those not possessing that  
useful article, wave their empty hands  
instead. "Ah," says the Captain,  
"some of you didn't have any hand-  
kerchiefs to wave before you came to  
Jesus." It was true. So they wave  
and shout and shake tambourines  
until the whole audience is wrought  
up to a high pitch of excitement. By  
this time the Captain has exchanged  
his tambourine for a cornet, which  
he lustily blows while the great crowd  
wave and shout.

Now follows a hymn with comments  
and questions on well nigh every line.  
Every soldier must obey his leader,  
and speak, or shout, or pray, or wave,  
whenever commanded to do so,  
whether he or she feels like it or not.  
A fundamental condition of the ser-  
vice is, obey your officers, the lead-  
ers of the meetings. Then follow  
brief prayers by leader and others,

and songs from our "Gospel Hymns,"  
Methodist Hymnal, and others written  
for the Army, with band accompani-  
ments. Then the Captain opens a lit-  
tle Bible and says, "People find fault  
with us because we don't use the Bible  
in our meetings, so I'll read." He  
reads a few verses, with practical  
though unique comments, then calls  
for testimonies. Immediately fifty  
rise to speak; the testimonies are short  
and realistic. When the meeting is  
at its height, the collection is taken,  
and all are urged to "give as well  
as to shout and sing and pray." Such  
monster deal boxes are passed around  
to receive the great English coppers!  
Then more songs, shouts, volleys,  
and wave offerings, after which the  
altar service begins. Now we feel at  
home. As the people crowd around  
the preacher's stand and kneel crying  
for mercy, we feel more as though  
we were on Hamilton camp-ground  
than in Bristol circus.

Night after night we there witnessed  
similar scenes. Those old walls  
which once rang with the buffoonery  
of painted clowns and the hollow  
laughter of "lovers of pleasure more  
than lovers of God," now nightly ring  
with the voice of Gospel invitation  
and warning, with the cries of peni-  
tent souls for mercy, and the shouts  
and songs of souls newly born into the  
kingdom of God.

Already the converts in the old cir-  
cus are carefully numbered by thou-  
sands. Within a few days we have  
learned that the brewer of whom the  
building is leased refuses to extend  
the lease. Perhaps he feels as did  
the Hanley brewer concerning the  
Salvation Army and its work. He  
replied said: "They say they are do-  
ing the work of God here in Hanley.  
I know this—they are playing the  
devil with my business." He only  
spoke for multitudes of English brew-  
ers and wine and spirit merchants  
whose business is being ruined by the  
Salvation and Blue Ribbon Armies.

If it be possible to get another pa-  
per past the careful eye of our kindly  
editor, we will more briefly speak of  
the "Calf Tea Meeting" and "Jam  
Factory" services of the Salvation  
Army in Bristol, England, during  
our sojourn there.

### ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, NEW JERSEY.

BY GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

Bluffs, beach, bay, ocean, fields,  
forest, cottages, camp-meeting, all  
in one view, all at once, all together!  
Isn't that enough? I have been here  
a week, and am just beginning to  
find out how much there is here, and  
what it is worth for study, enjoyment  
and improvement.

What is "Atlantic Highlands?"  
I'll tell you. The Navesink High-  
lands, on the New Jersey coast, at  
Sandy Hook, with two United States  
light-houses on its lofty eastern bluff,  
is the last land to sink beneath the  
sea horizon as ships sail out to sea  
from New York. The irregular  
block of Highlands is about three  
miles long east and west, by about  
one to two miles wide north and  
south, between "Lower Bay" or  
Sandy Hook Bay on the north, and  
the broad estuary of Shrews-  
bury River on the south. On the  
west the Highlands drop down to a  
level plain country. Fifteen feet sub-  
sidence of this flat land would un-  
dermine the waters of the two bays, and  
Navesink Highlands would be a lofty  
island, 250 feet high—as high as  
Staten Island, though much smaller.

"Atlantic Highlands" is a new  
religious sea-side resort whose loca-  
tion is on the north, or bay side, of  
Navesink Highlands, cutting off the  
west end of the Highlands, and also  
embracing a large tract of the low-  
lands lying back of the Highlands,  
and reaching from bay to bay, so as  
to control the neck by which the  
Highlands unite with the main-land.  
The upland part of the tract is as  
high as any of the Highlands, with  
as fine a bluff on its north face, and  
nobly forested. The lowland por-  
tion is rich farms under high cultiva-  
tion. There are four hundred acres  
of upland and lowland, mainly the  
former, with a magnificent bay front  
of three-fourths of a mile, nearly all  
bluffs, from twenty to a hundred  
feet high. In front of this whole  
tract is a riparian right, lands under

water, of one hundred acres or more,  
smooth sand bottom, the loveliest  
bathing, boating and fishing in the  
world on the shores of the Lower  
Bay, which is twelve miles wide and  
long.

The long sand-spit of Sandy Hook  
lies between this bay and the ocean,  
which is about three miles away, in  
full view. Northward we behold the  
lofty masses of Staten Island and  
Brooklyn Heights, and between them  
the "Narrows" leading to New  
York harbor and city, twenty-one  
miles away. Northeastward lie the  
white light-houses and venerable  
holly forests of Sandy Hook, and be-  
yond these the horizon for twenty  
miles is ablaze at night with the  
lines of fire made by the gaslights  
and electric lights of Coney Island  
and Rockaway Beach.

I have been driven by Prest. Lake  
—a trip I had longed for for years  
—all over this great plateau of the  
Highlands, away out to "the Point,"  
where the light-houses are—which  
is United States government land—  
along the beetling bluffs, and through  
the ancient forest—not the stunted,  
starveling jungles of the ordinary sea-  
side barrens, but lofty, thrifty, noble  
forests of trees that have a strong  
soil and reach full height, and are  
genuine and venerable old woods,  
like those of the richest inland coun-  
try, though here on the sea-shore.  
I know of no other such sea-shore  
forests anywhere. In all my sea-  
side rambles I have found nothing  
so enchanting as to sit on the upper  
piazzas of the cottages on these tow-  
ering bluffs, and look out over the  
combined beauty of forest, bay and  
ocean. I am so seated at this writ-  
ing, a sea-breeze whipping my paper  
on the stand, making crisp, pearly  
white caps on the bay, rolling in a  
grand surf over there across the  
beach, sending ships, schooners and  
smacks scudding away by scores  
under my eye, while the white bay  
steamboats from New York come  
and go from the dock almost under  
foot, and the great black sea steam-  
ers fling their smoky banners to the  
sky as they forge in and out the en-  
trance off Sandy Hook. The blue  
sky is full of sailing and diving fish-  
hawks; the blue bay is alive with  
sailing fishing smacks and pleasure  
boats. The mightiest gate-way of the  
world opens away there—the  
Narrows—through which the com-  
merce, science, religion and pleasure  
of two worlds are passing in a mighty  
and endless procession. If one could  
spring a mighty arch of a mile span  
and a mile from buttress to keystone  
over that gate-way, what mind would  
be daring enough to attempt a suit-  
able inscription for that arch—one  
that should put the world it leads to  
into one stupendous pentameter,  
whose blazing capitals should be  
classical lines of electric fire, a light-  
house and an inspiration to welcome  
the old world to the new?

But I must—metaphorically at  
least—turn my back on this bay, or  
we shall never get to sober terra  
firma again. This enterprise is the  
child of four remarkable brothers  
known as the "Lake boys," sons of  
a New Jersey farmer, all Methodist  
preachers save one, all consecrated  
men, who, with no capital of their  
own but faith in God, and no mo-  
tives but consecrated ones, have  
launched two grand enterprises of  
this sort—Ocean City on the South  
Jersey coast, and this under the  
eaves of New York—within five years,  
and given to both a character for  
honesty, morality and religious con-  
secration which has secured the con-  
fidence of capitalists and the con-  
fluence of the masses in a way that  
promises the grandest things for  
God's cause in the future. Here is  
an investment of \$160,000 in pur-  
chase price of land; dock built, \$17-  
000; streets, etc., \$5,000; taberna-  
cle, \$4,000; railway branch, \$10,000;  
and about one hundred cottages  
and buildings already worth from  
\$1,000 to \$12,000 each, two churches  
worth \$5,000 and \$6,000 each, a  
fine hotel for 250 guests, costing  
\$50,000, all within less than three  
years, and all covered by written and  
prayerful consecration to God, and  
stringent legal safeguards against all  
sorts of immoral or injurious in-  
fluences; and as free from malaria as  
Mont Blanc.

(Concluded next week.)



### Miscellaneous.

#### REV. WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

BY REV. E. BARRASS, M. A.

The late mail from England brought intelligence of the demise of this distinguished minister, who was the last of an illustrious trio who were known through the length and breadth of the Wesleyan Connexion as Everett, Dunn and Griffith, who were expelled from the Wesleyan Conference in 1849 for their supposed connection (which proved to be correct) with the Fly-Sheet movement. For years the expelled ministers carried on a course of agitation by visiting all the cities and towns in England and holding public meetings at which they stated their grievances, and produced such a commotion as was never witnessed in that country during the present century. Several official members of the Wesleyan Church sympathized with them, and refused to contribute to the funds of the Wesleyan Church. The ministers of Conference brought them to trial, and hundreds were expelled. Thousands of members in turn followed the example of their leaders and also "stopped the supplies," for which they were either quietly dropped or expelled. The loss to the Wesleyan Church was about 100,000 members. The havoc which was thus produced was most appalling; churches were emptied, circuits were wrecked, and while many joined other churches, it is to be feared that many others became estranged from religion and went back to the beggarly elements of the world and were never restored to the fold of Christ.

After the agitation had ceased, Mr. Griffith settled in the city of Derby, and commenced preaching in the Town Hall until a church was erected for him. He remained pastor of this church until his death, for though he joined the Conference of the "United Methodist Free Church," he did so with the distinct understanding that he was not to be removed from Derby. Here for more than a quarter of a century he labored earnestly as a devoted minister of Jesus Christ, preaching the Gospel to large congregations. He was abundant in labors, and often went from home to various parts of the United Kingdom both to preach and advocate the claims of various benevolent societies.

Mr. Griffith was a staunch friend of liberty, and was always ready to espouse the cause of the down-trodden. He was a member of the Liberator Society, whose object is to secure the separation of the church from the State, and labored unceasingly in the advocacy of the Society's interests. He was a great torment to those whom he considered barriers in the way of human progress. The common people loved him dearly, as they knew he was their true friend and often spoke in their behalf when others for prudential reasons stood aloof.

Mr. Griffith entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1832, so that at the time of his death he had been in the ministry more than fifty years. He traveled several important circuits, but it was often thought that latterly he was not put in charge of such circuits as his talents entitled him to. But extreme conservatism prevailed in those days, so that it was not deemed prudent to allow one who was such an extreme radical to be placed in as prominent a position as he otherwise would have filled with credit.

The announcement of Mr. Griffith to preach or address a public meeting would call forth immense congregations. The writer has seen the largest public halls in England crowded to their utmost capacity when it was known that he was to be one of the speakers. In appearance he was a noble man, more than six feet in height and stout in proportion. As a speaker he was original and forceful; at times he would indulge in the most withering and biting sarcasm, still he was meek as a child and never was coarse or vulgar. Persons of refinement could always listen to him with pleasure and profit. He never indulged in clap-trap, but was as honest as the day. He was never ambitious of office; even after he joined the Free Church he would never consent to occupy the presidential chair. He preferred to be free from all official responsibility, and desired to be wholly employed in pulpit and platform duties in connection with the church.

Mr. Griffith was a member of the Ecumenical Conference in 1881, in which he was a prominent member. Many from this side the Atlantic who had long known him by reputation were desirous to see him, and whenever he spoke, his utterances commanded immediate attention. He was greatly pleased with that important gathering, and stated in one

of his speeches that "he was so delighted that he would have preferred to have walked all the way from Derby to London—one hundred and ten miles—rather than have been absent." Rev. George Osborn, D. D., president of the Wesleyan Conference, who presided at the opening of the Ecumenical Council, took a very active part in the proceedings which led to Mr. Griffith's expulsion from the Conference in 1849, so that they were old antagonists, and it is believed they never exchanged friendly words from that memorable time until they met in City Road Chapel. An eye-witness says: "We with many others looked with much interest on the spectacle of these two old antagonists meeting and cordially shaking hands." Time had mellowed their feelings, and they now loved as brethren. On one of the Sabbaths of the Ecumenical Council, Mr. Griffith occupied one of the London pulpits in which he used to preach during his early ministry.

Mr. Griffith was a grand man. He did much service for Christ and for humanity, and he was allowed to finish his course without much bodily pain. He knew his end had come, but he was not alarmed at the prospect. Death had no terrors for him. He died in great peace at the age of 77. Peace to his ashes!

Kleinburg, Ont., Aug. 7.

#### A DAY OF BLACK BASS FISHING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY REV. M. V. B. KNOX, PH. D.

We decided at the last moment not to go home, but to stay over night and try them again next day. This determination was reached after fishing all day and capturing a string of eleven that weighed only seven pounds. But the day had been still, with a glaring sun, and all hoped for better weather for fishing the next day. So we went word to the folks at home by Mr. Poland, who could not possibly stay another day, and then found a warm welcome at Rev. Mr. Taggart's, the pastor at Canaan.

Early the next morning we were up and on the lake. A beautiful sunrise, the morning moods of nature, and a good appetite were our only compensations up to a half-past seven breakfast, for when we returned at that time only an unsuccessful bite was our reward.

After breakfast Mr. Taggart went out with us. Three preachers fishing at once certainly ought to have been successful, if only they could cast their hooks on the right side of the ship. There were two points of land on the north side of the lake, opposite each of which they said was good ground for bass. At the first one we fished quite a time, and then went to the other. Mr. T. caught his only fish of the day as we were going from one point to the other—a nice pickerel on a spoon hook. Mr. Marsh soon had a small bass, and a second one was captured not long afterwards. No fish but bass bit while the boat was anchored, so it was real inspiring to get a bite, for we knew it meant business. After some diligent waiting my hook was taken by one, and once it could be seen that he was a large one. Those familiar with bass fishing know how gamy they are, and this one was fully up to the traditions of his race. First he struggled a moment in surprise, then he plunged deep in the water; but by the time I was well on my feet he came shooting toward the surface, throwing himself fully two feet in the air, and making most desperate efforts to shake the hook from his mouth. But thanks to the admirable neck-bend hooks I used, and to my being prepared for such a movement on his part, I met it by a quick pull that sent him back into the water without his being able greatly to shake himself. Then he ran far off, and the swift rattle of the spinning reel showed the strength and persistence of his effort. But that was of no avail, and with twenty yards of line out, he gave it up. With various plunges and tacks on his part, with suiking down in the deep water, at length I had him reeled within twenty feet of the boat.

All this time Mr. Marsh was standing near with the landing net. Various things were ejaculated as the changes of the struggle went on: "See him run straight out!" "Isn't he a beauty—he'll weigh three pounds!" "What a leap!" "I'm afraid the leader won't hold!" "Oh, that reel, I wish it would work better!" "Now, see him suik down deep!" "Don't let him get tangled with the anchor rope!" By this time he was getting tired and could not leap clear of the water; and as I was about to reel him up to the net, to our astonishment we saw another bass plunging around near the first one, and I cried, "See there! I've got another!" Sure enough, another was hooked on the same line. The snail leader was a six-foot one, and I had attached one hook at the end, and another about three feet nearer the rod. The first bass was on the upper hook, and the second, attracted doubtless by his struggles, came around, and seeing the bait had seized it, and became well hooked as the other was getting tired out.

Two or three times I had met similar luck in North Vermont with trout on fly hooks; but they were smaller, while here were two large bass, and a much stronger fish than the trout.

I expected a harder tussle than ever with the two, but it was not so. The first one being well tired, acted as a counter-weight to the second quite as effective, or more so, than the best handling of rod and reel could do. After some time he also began to tire, and

then the question how to save both arose. They were at the side of the boat, and I told Mr. Marsh to net the second one as I lifted the boat totally exhausted fish into the boat by the leader. Taking it in my fingers, and attempting to raise him as Mr. Marsh was about to net the second, to my horror the hold gave way and my fish dropped back into the water. The net was not yet under the second one, so I screamed to Mr. Marsh, "Net this one!" No sooner said than done. A quick change of the net under the fellow as he lay like a stick of wood a foot down in the water, and we had him in the boat. The second now made a few turns and plunges more, when he was again reeled to the side of the boat, and taken in the net.

Investigation showed that the first one had been so hooked that his teeth gradually cut the thread by which the hook was wound to the line, so it only held by the least fragment as I tried to lift him into the boat. By use of my pocket scales the first was found to weigh two pounds and a half, the second two pounds and five ounces. In a late number of the *Century Magazine* there is a cut and description of a similar catch of two bass at the same time, though his were considerably smaller than mine. In that case, too, the man was on foot in a shallow river, while I was in a small skiff with two other men.

One or two more being taken, we decided we could relish dinner, and so went in.

After dinner we went again to the same ground. An admirable breeze, with dark clouds over the sun, made the time advantageous. We got a few black crickets on the way from the house to the lake, and found the bass bit these better than the grasshoppers used before. Three or four fair ones of a pound or more rewarded us; then we went to the south side of the pond, got a lot more crickets from an old field, and secured several more fine bass. Mr. Marsh had never been bass fishing before, and as he got one after another on his rod, saving some and losing others, as I did, he understood more of the rich sport in such fishing. Only it almost broke his heart when a nice one was hooked for a few moments and then escaped. Poor Mr. Taggart sat like patience on a monument, with never a bite all day, but declared he found some compensation in putting the bass that the rest caught in the fish box behind him.

Finally, at six o'clock, Mr. Taggart, who was to carry us to the depot, went home to get his supper and bring his team to the boat landing, while we, indifferent to the needs of eating, were to try for just one more. Pushing to the first point on the north side where we had not obtained a bite at all, we anchored near another boat. Dark clouds obscured the declining sun, so that a sombre hue was given to the water and landscape. The man near us got no bites, nor did we. Seven o'clock came, and we must quit fishing at half-past. Oh, if only just one would bite! Not exactly grim despair, but a state bordering on that, was getting possession of us. "There!" was suddenly forced out of me, as it struck, on feeling a tug at my rod. For an instant I thought my hook had dragged on the bottom, and I had only struck a rock, as I had done once before; but the swift cutting of the line through the water showed soon that I had one.

Springing to my feet, Marsh seized the net and threw the poles we had hanging over the side of the boat with extra hooks on them one side, while I found I had my hands again quite full. He first made a deep-water lunge toward the middle of the lake, and with surprising velocity spun out ten or fifteen yards of the line. Then he made for the top of the regular bass leap and shake, but the right turn of the rod sent him back into the water not a whit relieved. Then first we saw his splendid proportions. "A four or five pounder!" Suddenly he changed his course, and running partially toward the boat, made me do my best with reel and rod to keep a taut line. He ran close under the stern, bringing the line under the poles thrown away from the side of the boat. I vainly endeavored to keep the rod clear of these, and the line from the boat; but my rod got tangled with the poles. Marsh scrambled by me to give me the whole 'room at that end; the line became tightly caught in a button on the stern used for attaching a cord, and for a moment both of us were in despair. But I slung the poles out of the way, released the line from the button, and then the bass started for the shore. The reel hummed till he took out twenty yards or more of the line. To add to the danger of losing him, a screw became loose in the reel, so that the handle would catch at times. Then he coiled down, and I began reeling him in again.

By this time he could not leap out of the water. Another boat came up, and lying off at a safe distance, watched the battle. Though tired, the noble fellow by no means gave up. Again he made a turn toward the boat, and again it was lively work to keep him in hand. With lunge, and tack, and pull, and suik, he came nearer the bow of the boat, and I feared he might get into contact with the anchor rope. Marsh again gave me the right of way and the poles were hustled out of the track, but he kept clear of the bow, and came to the side of the boat where he had first bitten. A vain attempt for the middle of the lake, a few more plunges, and I reeled him close in, and he lay panting in the bottom of the boat. The catch showed his weight to be exactly four pounds. It was the largest bass I have ever captured. I had said when he was flying around, if we could save him I should be ready to go home.

So we were. Taking off our lines and putting up our rods, reels and poles, we went ashore, jumped into Mr. Taggart's buggy, and at nine o'clock were

home at Lebanon with seventeen bass that weighed twenty pounds, with a ravenous appetite, and ability to sleep that is a sound comfort now and then to the New England preacher.

#### SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.

BY REV. W. F. MALLALIEU, D. D.

Don't buy them, don't read them! The neglect and desecration of the Lord's day are one of the most alarming features of the present time. What with the almost universal railroad traffic, and Sunday excursions in the summer time, there is great danger of completely secularizing the holy day. The manifest tendency is in the wrong direction. The masses of the people are tempted away from the house of worship, and they are led into open and deliberate violation of the fourth commandment.

There can be no question that one of the worst influences, antagonistic to the proper observance of Sunday, is the modern Sunday newspaper. They are to be found in nearly all the larger cities of the land, and they are nearly all alike in their character. It may be that there is in their columns now and then a semi-religious or moral selection, usually from the pen of some sensationalist of the pulpit, some semi-indel moralist; but, then, more space is usually given to reports of dog-fights, pugilistic encounters, and horse-races, and such like infamous proceedings. It is a well-known fact that these papers crowd their columns with accounts of theatrical performances, notices of actors and actresses, detailed accounts of scandals, crimes, accidents, and all sorts of low, disgusting, and villainous that have come to light in all the length and breadth of the country. Of course there is something said about politics and foreign news and the markets, but the general tone of all these papers is exceedingly low. The publishers of these sheets are energetic, driving men, and they are bound to put their goods on the market, and hence these papers are hawked about on the streets by newsboys, kept at the news-stands, and sent by special trains all over the country.

In the first place the moral influence of these papers is thoroughly demoralizing, and the men who publish them know this, and yet they continue in their nefarious business simply because it pays, simply because they get rich in this outrageous way. They are the enemies of society, inasmuch as they debauch public morals and corrupt the minds of the people by their vicious publications. But what do they care for public morals if they can fill their coffers with their ill-gotten gains? They believe in the power of money, and they have the money, and so they break the Sabbath in a reckless, high-handed fashion, and are as careless of the consequences as was the drunken Emperor of Rome who kept on his fiddling while his capital city was wrapped in flames.

People who buy and read Sunday newspapers, for the most part, are those who do not attend the worship of the house of God; and yet there are reasons to believe that these sheets do their way into the hands and homes of a good many Christian people. The man who rises late Sunday morning and has a late breakfast, and finds lying on his table a Sunday newspaper, will very likely spend the remnant of the forenoon in its perusal. He may do this even if he is a church member; he will be very likely to do it if he is not; and when the whole forenoon has been squandered in this way, it will be difficult to muster sufficient courage to go to church at all, for after dinner there must be a nap, and then a walk or a call or visit, and then the weariness which comes of inaction and over-eating must find relief in dozing away the evening hour. The modern Sunday newspaper is a moral nuisance; it is a debasing moral influence; it is the antagonist of the Bible, the house of God, the Sunday-school, the preaching of the Gospel, of every good influence and every Christian effort for the elevation and salvation of men; it is the special foe of the working man, for in breaking down the Sabbath it will compel every tolling man and woman to work seven days for seven days' support, whereas with the holy Sabbath properly observed, a seven days' support may be secured with six days' work.

The thing for Christian men and women to do is to refuse to buy or read a Sunday newspaper. If possible, they ought to keep them outside of the homes over which they have control. Their influence is insidious and deadly, and they ought to be recognized as such and pronounced and unequivocal foes of all that is purest and best in society; and it is high time that they were abjured by every good man and woman. If we cannot prevent their publication, we can protest against them and stop buying or reading them.

#### A TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

Came with me on a short tour to the island of Newfoundland. We will leave the metropolis and sail away on Trinity Bay. This is a beautiful expanse of water, on either shore of which are many safe harbors and lovely villages and charming foliage. Here, too, are seen groups of fishing-boats in which are men clad in yellow oil-skins and mounted by "sowsters," jiggling and baiting their noted cod. We come now to a certain point of the bay, a beautiful river of almost uniform width. Numerous villages and coves and harbors again meet the gaze. The breeze wafts to our ears the rattle of the saw-mill. Those fish-betoken the home of the farmer. And the "stages" and "fish-flakes" everywhere greening our view tell us of the patient industry of fishermen.

We take you now on board a small steamer owned by the Methodists of that circuit, and which they call the "Pioneer." Its keel is only thirty feet long, and its beam seven feet wide, but it steams along as many miles an hour as its beam is wide. The preachers in charge (there are two) are expected to know their business; so the senior acts as engineer and the junior as freeman.

We are landed on the wharf at Shoal Harbor, one of the headquarters of the mission, and we rest awhile at the parsonage. It is the evening of the annual missionary meeting. It is a great occasion for the preachers and people—the most enjoyable of the year. The men, women, and children begin to flock to the little chapel on its little hill of pride at an early hour, and it is filled to overflowing. Some of these have come a long distance—some to give speeches, and the others to listen and give. "What!" screams some youthful reader, "You don't say that those ignorant fishermen come to church to deliver speeches on mission work?" Yes, they do. You see the Wesleyan Methodist preachers have sense enough to utilize the talent of their lay members upon all such occasions, and they never lose anything by it either. Well, the meeting is opened by the pastor. Some rousing old missionary hymn is sung—perhaps "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," or "Greenland's icy mountains." Prayer is offered. The lay-chairman now calls on the first speaker on his list, and the hearers begin to brace up for an enjoyable time.

In the same place and on such an occasion did the incident occur which I will briefly relate. The speaker was a resident of the place—a man of considerable property, of deep, sound piety, but of no education. I question whether he professed to know all the letters in his alphabet. He was, however, educated in the furnace—a man who had seen affliction. Diphtheria had invaded his home that winter. One after another the bright forms vanished from his vision. Hardly had he sheltered one under the shadow of that little church before he was called to the same task by another, until some four little mounds lay abreast of each other. The mother, who with Christian patience and much tenderness had watched over these emblems of innocence ere the angels plucked them to adorn the "better country," at last succumbed to the rude disease. The husband and father's heart was now almost breaking. How that poor spirit groaned as the last object of love made another mound by the little ones! But he came to church this evening to make a missionary speech. Just before closing he took from his pocket a small wooden box. It was roughly covered with house paper. He held it up and shook it before the eyes of his audience. The tears were running fast down his cheek as he endeavored to utter these few sentences: "My dear hearers, you see this small box. A few days ago I was looking around, and in a trunk lying covered by the clothes of one of my lovely children whom God has taken to Himself, I found it. I then opened it, and learned that it contained about \$2 in small change. The whole thing soon came to my mind. At the close of the last missionary meeting my little son, about six years old, came and said to me, 'Father, if you will make me a box, I will try and get something for the missionaries next year.' I made the box, and never thought anything about it afterwards until I found it on a short time ago. Now, my dear hearers, though my little boy is not present tonight to present his offering, I am thankful his father can do it for him."

That proved a noble missionary speech. But that was a nobler boy, and to every one of my readers I will repeat what Jesus once said to a lawyer, "Go, and do thou likewise."

J. ALEXANDER.

#### LETTER FROM A METHODIST PASTOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

We give a portion of a letter received from a pastor's wife in Kansas. It shows something of the "shady side" of the itinerancy. Articles about flowers from the pen of the writer had called forth a note to which was sent a reply. Then came a letter in which was the statement that her love of flowers subjected her to some privation, for there were those of their people who were possessors of large farms, who deemed it wrong to indulge in plants, and often said, "The ground had better be planted with potatoes," and here she says, "It is very common for the 'dear people' to withhold the preacher's pay if he or his wife are not as saving of our money as they should be!"

At this we had an indignation meeting, at which No. 1 only was present, and the result was a vote that said pastor's wife should have a box of plants and some seeds, for which the "dear people's" money should not pay. There being no "contrary vote," the package was duly sent, and with it an indignant protest against the people's claim of "our money," when the pastor received what was just as truly his own as that paid to the teacher for instruction, or the physician for medical treatment; and there was some scolding about the meanness of some parishioners who never paid up their "quarterage" promptly or in full, and those who paid in "windfalls" or other like worthless trash, charging extravagant prices for the same, which must all be duly credited to the donor's (?) assessment. A true story was also told—and there is a certain pastor's wife in Massachusetts who will bear me witness to its truthfulness. I know, for I am going to repeat it here for the rebuke of the parties concerned; and if they write you, Mr. Editor, a protest, you will apply at once the adage, "A wounded bird always flutters."

"Once upon a time" there was a Christmas tree. Previous, for many weeks, there were vendors beggars who solicited—not within the boundaries

of their church only as would have been more becoming, but outside, even of attendants upon other temples—money for the purchase of a nice black silk dress for the pastor's wife, to be hung upon the Christmas tree as a generous gift from their "dear people." The gift (?) was gratefully received and duly appreciated. But—but—but when the pastor came to a close, and there was minus, as usual, the stipulated salary, that Christmas gift (?) was included with other "sundries," and the pastor was obliged to pay for what he could so ill afford, though the church had already received the credit of it publicly as a handsome present from them! Many years have passed since then—we hope the like has never been repeated—but the indignant feeling then awakened has never quite passed away, and to point a moral the story has sometimes been told, though, as in the present instance, with an entire suppression of place.

We are frank to confess that we have no more sympathy with this way of paying "quarterage" than had John Grubber. He thought the sermons most tasteless to that man who paid his church tax in windfall apples, which, after vainly trying to sell, he finally deposited at the parsonage! But this is a long prelude to the letter from the Kansas pastor's wife. You must lay all the blame, if such there be, of "telling tales out of school," at my door, for it was a like scolding about such things, many of which have come to my ears, that led her to write me what she did, and we give these facts for the purpose of rapping on the head all who are guilty of "like tricks of trade."

"My DEAR SISTER: Your dear good letter reached me two days since, and the plants came this morning all looking nicely, for which receive many thanks. You cannot tell how much good both have done me, for, to tell the truth, I was 'broke' when I sent the card, and thought you would not wish to be troubled with a letter. . . .

"I have been thinking perhaps you would like a glimpse of 'life in the West,' and as I am to pay my debt by a 'long letter' (by the way, if you had seen the tears start as I read your letter and looked in the box, you would have known that the debt could only be paid with love), I will tell you something of our life here in Kansas. You speak of salaries; we are allowed this year \$500 or \$600, if possible, which means if some impossible thing happens. We have a family of five children to clothe and feed, making seven in the family, company to entertain, a horse to feed, etc. There is no garden, so we had to buy everything during the summer. The 'dear people' have a way here of charging as 'quarterage' everything furnished 'the preacher.' Can you see the funny side to things that have sometimes a far different side? I can, and sometimes it saves me from losing my temper."

"When we first came here, while resting at a good brother's, he took us out through orchard, raspberry patch, blackberries, huckleberries, etc., telling us that as they ripened we might come and pick all we wished, and, if more convenient, we could come and can; he had never sold his berries, for it did not pay."

"First came huckleberries. Nothing was said until he picked the last, then he brought us a quart—he had sold the rest! When the raspberries began to ripen, he told us he was selling them, but would bring us some; could not tell where there would be any if we came; but not a berry did we ever taste! When we went for peaches, he said, 'You may have what is on the ground for 25 cents a basket'—just the price they were at the stores. We 'declined with thanks.' There is plenty of fruit all around us, but with not \$200 paid since last March, how can we buy it?"

"Now, do not think it is our fault, for I suppose that seven out of every ten of our preachers in Kansas can tell the same story. Some report all paid at Conference by getting what they can and giving the balance; others swell the amount in every possible way, counting in every head of cabbage and pumpkin; others work outside in order to live. We have some whole-souled men who do nobly, but the most come here poor to get homes, and acquire such a habit of saving that when they have plenty they forget to give. One of our Sunday-school teachers this summer taught her class that when they 'had all they needed for themselves then they ought to give to others,' and she practices what she teaches. Her husband is a merchant."

"Oh, how many times I try to devise 'ways and means' by which to earn a little money, but my hands are already full and my mouth poor. What can I do? But enough of this."

And now we lay aside our pen with the hope that some hearts may have been stirred to sympathy with pastors who are forced to live on meagre salaries, their families deprived of many essentials to home comfort, to say nothing of luxuries, and their hearts burdened and depressed with many anxieties, while stingy and selfish as well as thoughtless church members have no experience of self-denial, nor the truth of the Saviour's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Pay your "quarterage" promptly in cash, and let your pastor make his own purchases. Contribute of your orchard, your garden, and your dairy, and don't deduct it from your assessment, I beg! Let your pastor's wife have her window full of bright flowers; she needs them far more than you, and never say of any of her little indulgences, 'Bought with our money!' From the day that your pastor's salary becomes due, whether it be paid by weekly, monthly or quarterly instalments, the money is his, and you have no right to retain it in your pocket or in the treasury beyond that time. Prompt payments, frequent payments, full payments, would save a vast deal of worry to your minister, and he could give you far better sermons. This leaving the "heft" of the salary to be paid "somehow" at the end of the year, makes hard work all round, and then, it is not honest!

An exchange says: "Revival work is wondrously progressing in Natal, north-east Africa, under the labors of the 'old man eloquent' from Scotland, the veteran and patriarch, Dr. Somerville. His hoary head is frosted with upward of seventy winters, but his zeal is equatorial. Churches, halls and theatres are filled, and the secular papers are replete with the highest praise of the man and his work."

### Religious Items.

Saint Paul's Church, Burlington, Vt., has organized a surplus male choir. Rev. Geo. O. Barnes, the mountain evangelist, is in India.

The Chautauqua Assembly Herald has attained a circulation of 26,000.

There are nine Christian churches in the capital of Madagascar.

There is now published in Manitoba a newspaper in the Icelandic tongue.

Mr. W. E. Barnes, assistant editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, has become editor of *The Iron Age*, St. Louis.

The Chautauqua University has been incorporated, and Dr. Vincent is now called Chancellor.

Ex-Congressman De La Matyr has returned to the ministry, and is preaching in Colorado.

Mr. Moody will begin a series of evangelistic meetings in Baltimore about the middle of September.

Mr. Spurgeon's Church, in London, has added to its other benevolent organizations a Flower Mission.

Mr. Jeremiah Millbank, of New York, will build a church to cost twenty-five thousand dollars in the town of Millbank, Dakota, which is named after him.

Rev. Cyrus Doggett, an elder brother of the late Bishop Doggett, died at Fincastle, Va., Aug. 2, in his 83d year, and in the 65th year of his ministerial life.

Mr. W. G. Seelye, a son of President Seelye, of Amherst College, has been elected to the chair of Greek in Iowa College.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Home, which was started by the late William E. Dodge a short time before his death, is now in successful operation at 440 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York.

Mr. Muller, nearly seventy-eight, has been to Russia on a missionary tour, and contemplates in the autumn a visit to India.

The Chautauqua course of study has a temperance branch, Miss Willard having made out the list of books, and been chosen secretary of the department. Many ladies are pursuing the course in their homes.

As a result of the revival services in Kansas City, conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison, 280 persons have united with the Methodist Church on probation, while many others connected themselves with other churches in the city. Twenty-six entire families were converted, and are now probationers in the church.

Miss Clara Sands, with helpers, in a recent country trip through Japan, sold three hundred and fifty copies of the Gospel in an hour and a half. More than five hundred people were crowded about the sale.

The Baptists in Hungary have suffered much from persecution the past year. Many have been imprisoned; several have been stoned; the houses and property of some have been destroyed, and one was beaten to death. Yet the work goes on.

When the late Dr. Moffatt returned to England in 1870, after a long absence in Africa, he was presented with the sum of \$30,000 in recognition of his great services in the missionary field. Such a recognition is so rarely accorded to missionaries.

Mr. Spurgeon, in a recent sermon, is reported to have said, "It was the glory of the Moravians that all their members were missionaries; and such ought to be the glory of every church. Every man, woman, and child in the church should take part in the battle for Jesus."

Spurgeon's wife has for seven years been making collections of books for pastors whose salaries are small. In this good work she has collected and distributed over 50,000 volumes. Last year's work was 9,146. She gives it to be understood, also, that she wants donations of readable works, and not of old rubbish.

One of the advantages on the side of the missionaries in Alaska, says Rev. S. Hall Young, who has recently returned for a short rest from Fort Wrangel, lies in the fact that the women are in all respects the equals of the men. The principal obstacles to be overcome are superstition and drunkenness. There are at present twenty missionaries in that field, and their labor is meeting with a satisfactory reward.

Mrs. Adeline M. Smith, of Oak Park, Illinois, has proposed to give \$10,000 to found the "Smith Medical Mission," to be located at Nanking, China. Mrs. Smith designs this as a memorial of her deceased husband. She especially charges that the work be made earnestly evangelistic, and proposes to enlarge the gifts God may direct. We doubt not the Society will with this promptly and gladly enter China's ancient and renowned capital.

The Bengalee Methodist Episcopal Church of Calcutta, originated seven years ago under Dr. Thoburn, has 39 full members and 53 probationers. Forty Hindoos and Mohammedans have been converted and baptized there. The remainder were formerly nominal Christians merely. This Bengalee Sunday-school numbers 90 pupils and the day schools 120.

The colored people of Brooklyn, N. Y., are endeavoring to raise money to build a church at San Domingo for their own people. Protestantism is in its infancy in the island; there is not a Protestant church in the city of San Domingo. Services are held for the colored people in a dwelling in the outskirts of the city. So many are attracted to these services that it is necessary to erect a building. The government of San Domingo will donate a suitable lot as soon as funds are secured for the building.

The Sarah Stewart Missionary Scholarship fund now yields annually a considerable income, which can be applied toward the support of students in the Garrett Biblical Institute who intend to enter the mission field, either foreign or domestic. Such applicants, if approved by the faculty, can receive aid to the amount of \$100 per year. Already one beneficiary of this fund, who graduated last spring, is on his way to China. Two young brethren who have applied for scholarships will enter the Institute the coming fall. Thus this noble memorial fund, so recently established, is already producing its blessed results.



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# The Sunday School.

## THIRD QUARTER. LESSON XII.

Sunday, September 16. 1 Sam. i: 21-28.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

### A PRAYING MOTHER.

1. PREFATORY.  
1. GOLDEN TEXT: "I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord" (1 Sam. i: 28).

2. DATE: Between B. C. 1151 and B. C. 1131.  
3. PLACE: Ramah, four miles northwest of Jerusalem; Shiloh, about seventeen miles northwest of Jerusalem.

4. THE BOOKS OF SAMUEL: Called also the First and Second Books of Kings; written, in part probably, up to the 25th chapter of the first book, by Samuel; finished, probably, by the prophets Nathan and Gad; intended to continue the history of Israel through the period of the last two judges to the change of government to a monarchy under Saul, and the story of the latter; also, to record the progress of the church and the divine supervision over it—the first book continuing from Eli's judgment to the death of Saul, a period of nearly eighty years.

The two books of Samuel, like the two books of Kings, originally formed an undivided whole. The Septuagint translators, regarding the book of Samuel and the book of Kings as a complete history of the kingdom from its foundation to its fall, divided the work into four books, which they styled *Books of the Kingdoms*. Hence the double name given to these books in our Bibles. The books of Samuel contain the history of the kingdom of God in Israel, from the termination of the age of the judges to the close of the reign of King David, and embrace a period of about 125 years, viz., from about 1146 to 1015 B. C. (Keil).

### II. Introductory.

Hannah's prayer has been answered. God has taken away her "reproach." The childless wife has become the joyful mother of a son. But that son is to be hers during his infancy alone. For only two or three years can she hold him to her heart, and care him and care for him; then he is to be surrendered for the rest of his life to holy and exclusive ministries. During these tender years Hannah was permitted to excuse herself from the yearly visits which her husband Elkanah was wont to make with his family to the house of God in Shiloh. When at length the child was weaned, and the time had come for the annual festival, Hannah accompanied the family to Shiloh, taking with her the child Samuel and the appropriate offerings. On reaching the tabernacle, the bullock selected for the act of consecration was slain and the child was duly presented to the high priest Eli. Hannah recalled to his mind the circumstances of her former visit—her silent prayer, and her priestly benediction; and then she solemnly renounced, in obedience to her vow, her mother-right to the child. He was to be "lent to the Lord, as long as he liveth."

### III. Expository.

1. Promised to the Lord (verses 21-23).

21. The man Elkanah—the husband of Hannah, the father of Samuel, a Levite, of the family of Kohath, also called an Ephraimite (chap. i: 1). His home was in Ramah (or Ramathaim-zophim), supposed to be the same as the present Nablus, a lofty hill four miles northwest of Jerusalem. Says Wm. Smith: "It is now crowned by a mosque (the successor of a Christian church), where Samuel's sepulchre is still revered alike by Jews, Moslems and Christians." And all his house—His "house" consisted of his two wives, Peninnah and Hannah, children, and servants. Went up to offer—was accustomed to go annually up to Shiloh, some fourteen miles to the north, where the tabernacle and ark were located. It was probably one of the great festivals to which the pious Elkanah now conducted his family (Hannah and the infant Samuel being left behind), and made his offering. As only the males of the family were required to appear before the Lord, it showed a devout disposition in Elkanah to carry his "house" with him. His vow—Hannah had made a vow, to give her child to the Lord, but there is no record of Elkanah's vow. It was probably connected with the birth of Samuel and included some specific offering in grateful acknowledgment.

Which one of the three great annual festivals was this distinguished, we do not know, whether the Passover, which occurred about the first of April, and commemorated the deliverance from Egypt; the feast of Pentecost, 50 days later, about the 20th of May, which was marked by the presentation of the first produce of the year to Jehovah, and commemorated the perfect possession of Palestine after the deliverance from Egypt; or, the feast of Tabernacles, in the autumn, after the fruits of the earth were all gathered—this last was a national harvest-home (Johnston).

22. Hannah—or Anna, the mother of Samuel. She had been long childless, and when at length her prayer was answered her child was consecrated to God even before her birth. Until the child was weaned—During the two or three years of Samuel's infancy, Hannah remained away from the yearly sacrifice, with her husband's consent. In that period her strong mother love had free play. When next she would go to the tabernacle she would leave her boy behind. Abide forever—His consecration was to be lifelong and entire; not limited and intermittent as was the case with the Levites, whose services were required only from the twenty-fifth to the fiftieth year of age, and with frequent interruptions. Samuel was to know no other home but the house of the Lord.

It is still a common practice in the East to suckle children for two years, and in ancient times they were sometimes not weaned till three years old. The weaning was made an occasion of festivity (Gen. 21: 8). The objection has been made that to young a child would have been troublesome to Eli, but there were women engaged in the tabernacle service (chap. 2: 22) to whose care he might have been committed. It was important that he should be dedicated as soon as possible. The house of God was to be the only home he knew; the earliest impressions of his boyhood were to be those of the sanctuary (Catholic Bible).

23. Elkanah said unto her—Her husband comforted her with his suggestion. She was evidently his favorite wife, and her intensely religious spirit doubtless impressed him greatly. The Lord establish his word—what "word" is not clear. The inference would be that besides the priestly benediction of Eli upon the praying Hannah—The God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of Him—some specific intercession or prophecy had been conveyed to the parents concerning Samuel through Eli or otherwise.

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### 2. SAMUEL CARRIED TO THE TEMPLE.

The rose was rich in bloom on Sharon's plain When a young mother, with her first-born, thence Went up to Zion; for the boy was vowed Unto the temple-service. By the hand She led him; and her silent soul the while, On as the dewy laughter of his eye, Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers To bring before her God.

I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee, A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart! And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee, My own, my beautiful, my undivided! And thou shalt be His child.

Therefore, farewell! I go: my soul may fail me, As the stag panted for the water brooks, Yearning for thy sweet looks! But thou, my firstborn! droop not, nor bewail me; In the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell, The Rock of strength. Farewell!

(Mrs. F. D. Hemans.)

### 3. MOTHERLY NEGLECT.

The heathen mother takes her babe to the idol temple, and teaches it to clasp its little hands before its forehead, in the attitude of prayer, long before it can utter a word. As soon as it can walk, it is taught to gather a few flowers or fruits, or put a little rice upon a banana leaf, and lay them upon the altar before the idol god. As soon as it can utter the names of its parents, so soon it is taught to offer up its petitions before the images. Who ever saw a heathen child that could speak and not pray? Christian mothers, why is it that so many children grow up in this enlightened age without learning to pray? (Foster's Cyclopedia.)

### VI. Interrogative.

1. Where were the names of Samuel's parents? What were they? What was there peculiar about the circumstances of his birth? What vow did his mother make?

2. Where was the tabernacle pitched at this time? Who was high priest and judge? What pious custom was observed by Samuel's parents? What exception was made to this custom, and why?

3. How old, probably, was Samuel when he was taken to Shiloh? What offerings were carried with him? Before whom was he brought?

4. What did Hannah say to the high priest? What blessing was afterwards granted to her?

5. What practical lessons do you learn from this narrative?

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### THE PRESERVED HER OWN FRUIT.

She had a fancy for peaches in the old "pound for pound" way, just as her mother used to do them. And she used her mother's old fashioned preserving kettle. The kettle upset and sent its scalding contents over the unhappy lady's feet, as she stood before the kitchen fire. They put her to bed and treated the scalded parts with PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, the sovereign remedy for burns, scalds and blisters. In two or three days she was well.

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### Testigo, Canada West, Ont., October 30, 1882.

Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Sirs—Your pills came all right, and I can say they are a good thing. I have used a great many pills but I can say Dr. C. McLean's Pills manufactured by Fleming Brothers, are genuine. I gave one of those pills to my neighbors for a trial. One of my neighbors, got three pills, and said they did him good. He felt the next day like a new man. He wishes me to send for fifty cents worth for him. So, gentlemen, I will all I can to introduce Dr. C. McLean's Liver Pills, manufactured by Fleming Brothers. You will find enclosed one dollar, for more of your good pills. I wish you could send me a sample of your Vermifuge by mail. I think it will take well here. Yours, with respect, WM. H. DUGAN.

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Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Sirs—Your pills came all right, and I can say they are a good thing. I have used a great many pills but I can say Dr. C. McLean's Pills manufactured by Fleming Brothers, are genuine. I gave one of those pills to my neighbors for a trial. One of my neighbors, got three pills, and said they did him good. He felt the next day like a new man. He wishes me to send for fifty cents worth for him. So, gentlemen, I will all I can to introduce Dr. C. McLean's Liver Pills, manufactured by Fleming Brothers. You will find enclosed one dollar, for more of your good pills. I wish you could send me a sample of your Vermifuge by mail. I think it will take well here. Yours, with respect, WM. H. DUGAN.

Please send soon.

West Sandlake, N. Y. October 30, 1882.

Dear Sirs—Enclosed you will find one dollar, for which you will please send me more of your Dr. C. McLean's Liver Pills. I trust you have received the pay for the last two boxes I ordered and received. One of my neighbors, got three pills, and said they did him good. He felt the next day like a new man. He wishes me to send for fifty cents worth for him. So, gentlemen, I will all I can to introduce Dr. C. McLean's Liver Pills, manufactured by Fleming Brothers. You will find enclosed one dollar, for more of your good pills. I wish you could send me a sample of your Vermifuge by mail. I think it will take well here. Yours, with respect, WM. H. DUGAN.

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(ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.)

**Zion's Herald.**

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5, 1883.

People whose tempers are sour and sullen sometimes deceive themselves by giving their troublesome disposition the amiable name of low spirits. They say, "We are very nervous and depressed to-day," when in truth they are very cross and fretful. Better far both for themselves and others, would they occupy themselves "with things, not self." Better still if to such useful, unselfish occupation they would add the prayer of faith for the grace of cheerful patience!

The "prayer test" proposed by a distinguished scientist some time ago finds its analogue in a Namagua who, shortly after the opening of the Wesleyan Mission among his people in Africa by Barnabas Shaw, lost his master's horses. Said he, "I have heard that there is a God, and that if people pray to Him He will answer them. I will try Him, and if I find the horses, I will believe." Thus it appears that the idea of a "prayer test" is not so much a scientific conception as an evil thought arising out of those hidden depths of selfishness and unbelief which make man's heart a soil fruitful of manifold "evil thoughts," whether he be a learned scientist or an unlearned barbarian.

"Thy thoughts are not according to Christ—Christ does not terrify, He consoles." Thus spoke Dr. Staupitz to Luther when the latter stood before the "host" in the holy sacrament and trembled because he superstitiously believed it to be the body of Christ. He was actually afraid of Jesus. Luther's harsh training had inclined him to fear rather than to love Christ. Staupitz gave him the key-note of a true life when he said, "Christ does not terrify, He consoles"—a pithy remark based on the sweet truth that "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." This is consolation indeed to every seeker of eternal life; but he who finally rejects Christ as a Saviour will be compelled to face Him as a Judge in the last day. Then, instead of saying, "Come unto Me," as He does now, He will say to His rejecter, "Depart from Me!" To-day He consoles; in that day He will terrify His enemies.

Christianity is from God. This is demonstrated in the fact that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. What demonstration we have of this truth in the experiences of thousands upon thousands in every condition of life! What wonderful changes it has wrought in the hearts and lives of men! Once the greatest sinners, now the most pure, devoted, consistent Christians. What triumphs of grace do the records of Christianity contain, and how have these triumphs thrilled and inspired the hearts of the vast multitudes on their way to the heavenly Zion! What blessings have followed the record of grace as illustrated in the life and death of the "Dairymen's Daughter!" Thomas Oliver said he believed he was the wickedest man that ever lived, but under a sermon by George Whitefield he was awakened and soon converted, and became a flaming herald of salvation in the great Wesleyan revival under Wesley; he became Mr. Wesley's literary editor for some twelve years, and wrote that immortal hymn commencing, "The God of Abraham praise." Surely, Christianity is from God!

There are disciples who, instead of calmly committing their affairs to God's direction, seek to direct Him. Forming independent judgments of what is best for them, they ask Him to give them just those things and no others. Such meddlesome prayer has its roots in a dictatorial, unsubmitive will. This disposition was well repressed by an ancient preacher in a parable of two hermits who each planted an olive tree near his own cave. One of those trees lived; the other died. One day the owner of the dead tree, seeing the living one in front of his brother's cave, asked, "How came that goodly plant there?" His brother replied, "I planted it, and God blessed it, and it grew." "Ah, brother," rejoined the first hermit, "I too planted an olive, and when I thought it wanted water I

asked God to give it rain, and the rain came; when I thought it needed sun, I asked, and the sun shone; and when I deemed that it needed strengthening, I prayed, and the frost came—God gave me all I demanded for my tree as I saw fit, yet it is dead. "And I, brother," said his friend, "left my tree in God's hand, for He knew what it wanted better than I." Let this latter hermit be a teacher to him who seeks to direct instead of trusting his Heavenly Father. Having done all that seems requisite on his own part, let him commit all his affairs to God's guidance, convinced that Heaven knows all his needs and will manage for him infinitely better than he can manage for himself. It is God's part to lead, and the disciple's to submitively follow.

## SARATOGA.

Full as Saratoga is this month (and it has rarely been so crowded), one can secure for himself the most profound quiet here, if he desires it, and more opportunities for choice social, intellectual and religious enjoyment than in any other watering-place in the land. And this is in addition to these wonderful, health-inspiring springs, bubbling up along the valley, on both sides of which the beautiful town is situated. Broadway is a Vanity Fair, indeed, during August. This broad, embowered street, during certain hours, is filled with every conceivable variety of carriage, from the most grotesque and mean to a chariot that an emperor might be proud to occupy. Tally-ho coaches with six horses, their roofs covered with passengers, start off with the sound of the horn, familiar enough to those whose memory goes back a half century, at regular hours, for the lake. Covered teams, plain and democratic enough, without number, are constantly running to the very popular (and most deservedly so) Vichy Spring, and to many other attractive points. Thousands of handsomely-dressed women, and more of the other sex, float along the streets; but the amazing scene is that presented in the halls, and on the piazzas and grounds, of the Grand Union. The population of a very considerable city, but a remarkably mobile one, dwells under its acres of roofs, and is daily fed in its immense dining-rooms. It is indeed a crowd of the people. The very rich and the moderately poor meet together. Diamonds flash upon you, and priceless robes float by you, while very modest dresses look all the plainer by their side. Alabaster arms and necks, with painted faces and eyes (the latter a novelty to us), look all the whiter beside the dark brown West Indians, many of whom are guests here. Dudes and dandies; polished clergymen and clowns; leaders of the Democratic party of the State (a session of the State committee gathering here), easily distinguished by "marks in the body;" young married people, also easily discriminated; capped nursery maids without number, and scores of beautiful, rollicking children; men who have come to the races, and men who come to rest; stock-brokers and merchants—a pretty fair representation of about every species of American character and life—can be met morning or night crowding all the open spaces of this immense hostelry. The large company at the United States is somewhat more select than the others; that of Congress Hall less so; but fine large hotels of more moderate dimensions, with limited numbers, are scattered all along Broadway and in other parts of the city. Besides these, there are numerous boarding-houses at comparatively cheap rates, and nearly every other house in Saratoga, during the season, is open for guests.

In these great caravansaries there is little opportunity for repose or mental refreshment. Life is as rapid and more exciting as in the busy city. But just away from the thronged street are as silent and restful homes, embowered in vines, as can be desired. All this quiet can be secured, with other rare advantages, in such delightful boarding-houses as that of the Drs. Strong. On high ground, on one of the finest streets in the city, away from the bustle of Broadway, but near enough to the springs to be reached in a pleasant walk of five minutes, embowered in noble trees, the popular Medical Institute of these experienced physicians is readily reached. Probably invalids are always to be found in some of its rooms; but the institution has no outward appearance of what it doubtless is to many—a healing Bethesda. It seems like a beautiful home with a somewhat overgrown, but well-harmonized and affectionate family. Many of its patrons, like Dr. Cuyler, Gov. Wells of Washington, and Judge Reynolds, are annual visitors, and become much attached both to the place and to each other. All are not saints that gather under its roof, but all feel, and seem to enjoy, the delightful religious atmosphere which settles down upon the parlors during the daily morning and the Sabbath evening services of song and prayer. Many a weary

heart has felt what was beautifully expressed after the devotions one morning, by a French lady, the wife of a Protestant clergyman in France, who remarked, as she came from the room, "That prayer soothed me."

The evenings are varied, not with "hops" and dress parades, but with attractive concerts and lectures. Mrs. Bentley, a fine choir singer of Albany, whose voice for weeks was a leading element and charm in the morning devotions, was given a complimentary reception one evening during our late visit, in which she was aided by able musicians, singers, and vocal recitations from a well-trained reader; and a rare evening's entertainment was afforded by Dr. Cuyler, in a reminiscent lecture upon Daniel Webster, Washington Irving, and Abraham Lincoln, and by Gov. Wells upon the incidents attending the death of the latter.

Our visit was made specially grateful by the presence of Dr. Charles H. Payne, president of Ohio Wesleyan University, who rarely fails of an annual return to the Springs, and whose labors in the Methodist pulpit in town are always welcomed. We also found here Rev. Dr. Kelley, the esteemed and able pastor of St. John's, Brooklyn, the author of the charming sketch of Dr. Dashiell in the last *Quarterly*. Our Rev. S. F. Jones, the polished preacher of Tremont Street, with his wife and family relatives, tarried with us only too short a time. In town, although he stopped half way between the railroad station and the hill, at the Vermont House, where also boards our brother, John G. Cary, secretary of Wesleyan Association, we found our ever young, but always estimable college mate, Dr. R. S. Rust, with his devoted wife, seeking a few days' rest from incessant service. Rev. Dr. John E. Cookman, of Brooklyn, was also in Saratoga—a guest with Dr. Hamilton. Every day as we walk the streets, every morning, especially, as we go for the anti-breakfast potatoes at the universally popular Hathorn Springs, we were sure to fall unexpectedly, but most gratefully, upon some friend from different parts of the country. This morning, for instance, whom should we meet at the Grand Union but our excellent brother, of Webster, Mass., so well known in Methodist and in State political circles, Mr. C. C. Corbin, and his accomplished wife. You visit your friends, read the morning New York newspaper, sitting upon a broad piazza, in the enjoyment of the most exquisite music.

With all this crowd, the Sabbath is a refreshing and worshipful day to such as love the habitation of God's house. Tens of thousands do not attend church, but pay the deference of decent behavior to its sacred hours. The best preaching in the country can be heard here in these summer months. If one is not profoundly loyal to his denomination, he has every opportunity to enjoy a wide variety in pulpits services. The Methodist Church is eminently catholic in the occupants of its desk. Last Sabbath Rev. J. C. Price, principal of a seminary at Salisbury, N. C., of the Zion Methodist Church, a delegate to the late Ecumenical Council, whose platform and pulpit efforts produced a great impression in London, preached in the morning. His subject was the claim of his brethren of color to an adequate education. His text was remarkably felicitous, as was his use of it to introduce his theme, and his discourse was chaste, impressive, well-delivered and marked by a persuasive eloquence. In the evening Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, gave one of his sententious, picturesque, and powerful portraits of the apostle Peter. The marked occasion of the day was the dedication of the Congregational chapel by Joseph Cook. The audience-room, admitting only six hundred, was filled by tickets. Many were disappointed of entrance. Mr. Cook preached a powerful discourse, protesting against an emasculated orthodoxy, and setting forth the foundations in Scripture and reason of the doctrines of grace as received by the fathers. An able lawyer, whose services are retained by the Government at Washington, said the discourse was the most closely logical, the most unanswerable and powerful apology for evangelical truth, to which he had ever been permitted to listen. Dr. and Mrs. Cook were guests of the Drs. Strong. The former hurried away to deliver his addresses at Chautauqua; the latter remained to charm all the ladies by her sweet spirit and Christian courtesies, and to delight them with a lecture upon her Oriental travels, and the condition of woman in India. Dr. Cuyler preached on the same day in the Presbyterian Church, so that there was an "embarrassment of riches." Great good is accomplished on these Sabbaths in Saratoga. Hundreds hear the Gospel here upon whose ears it does not fall during the rest of the year. Signal instances of

remarkable conversions have occurred in past years.

On Monday there is a remarkable ministers' meeting held in the boarding-house adjoining Dr. Strong's. Some sixty or seventy clergymen of various denominations gather together here. The subject last Monday was the "Most Effectual Way to Preach." It was opened by a clear, ringing, comprehensive paper by Dr. Spear, of the *Independent*, and was followed by a dozen others—two colored ministers among the number. Nothing very novel was said, but the nature, and object, the best modes and difficulties of pulpit preparation and discourse were set forth and illustrated in an interesting and impressive manner. Sometimes these discussions, which cover almost all the theological and reformatory questions of the day, led by the foremost ministers in this country, are very interesting and instructive.

Thus Saratoga has its abundant counter-irritants to all its elements of worldliness and wickedness. Each person emphatically goes "to his own place" here. Piety tends to open sanctuaries; practical atheism to sensual sports and to perilous games of chance. Heaven and hell are not far apart in Saratoga, but there is a great gulf between them! There is no place on earth where professed Christians are placed under greater responsibilities. They become the Word of God made flesh, dwelling among men who will read them, but not the letter of truth. There are sweet and simple saints here, thank God! who can live in the world without being of it, and spread through it wherever they go a powerful and heavenly leaven.

## GERMAN EMIGRATION TO THE ORIENT.

Prominent German statesmen are quite busy in the endeavor to turn the tide of emigration from their country towards the Orient, in, we think, the vain hope of being able there to continue a control and guardianship over their people which they cannot maintain in this country.

The German journals are just now discussing this question with much zeal on account of a report received from a German agriculturist and economist now in the service of the Sultan, who seems quite inclined to believe that a large emigration might find a favorable field in Asia Minor. It is therefore in order to examine the *pros* and *cons* of the matter with a degree of seriousness not hitherto awarded to them.

There is no doubt, for instance, as far as the Holy Land is concerned, that a desirable and thrifty German emigration with a view to a permanent settlement, would be a great blessing to the land and a gratification to the Christian spirit throughout the world, that must ever sympathize with any effort to wrest the home of our risen Lord from the base and futile hands that now possess it. Indeed, the only ventures in this line that have been passably successful are the few German colonies now in Palestine under the patronage of the so-called "Temple Friends" of Southern Wurtemberg. Could tens of thousands with the same religious zeal join them, willing to submit to their privations and live contentedly on their hopes, we think the question of the regeneration of Palestine would be settled.

It is certainly true that the soil of Turkey is capable of sustaining a much greater population than it now does, and agriculture might be pursued in some parts of Turkey with quite as great a profit as in the favored parts of Germany. This is mainly the case in northern Syria and along the upper Euphrates. Here there is a healthy atmosphere, a comparative freedom from the devouring locusts, and less danger from that great calamity to the Eastern husbandman, namely, the drought. So far, then, as soil and climate are concerned, the enterprise is a sensible one.

But a new settlement requires more than these in the Orient. Little can be done without a just and equitable government. The depopulation of the country and the present barrenness of the soil are largely owing to the miserable Turkish rule. An honest public officer and an incorruptible judge are the exception. The rule in Turkey is that all officials shall live on the very substance of the people, and do this rapidly while the opportunity lasts. The German peasant would soon go to ruin under the rule of Turkish sabbatarians. Most of these are poorly paid, and often without any pay for a long time from the government, and thus are forced to live on extortions from the people.

These evils can be cured in only one way—that is, to send settlers to the country in such quantities that they would be in a condition to form

a strong colony under protection of the mother country. This is just what the German government would like—to form a state within a state. If 20,000 men could be sent as a vanguard, to be increased gradually to 200,000 or more, there would be ample force for self-protection and administration. But this the Turkish government would oppose bitterly, because it would see the natural outcome in rebellion and independence. Small bodies of Germans in certain sections coming with a view to establish some special industry, such as the cultivation of the grape or the culture of silk, have been permitted, but the Sultan and the people vigorously combat anything like a colony that might eventually, under the protection of the home-land, become a dangerous force.

Years ago the Porte laid down the edict that no foreigners could come and settle on Turkish lands without becoming Turkish subjects, and it has only partially swerved from this position in the case of the Roumanian Jews and the few German colonies from Wurtemberg; and it required German prestige and diplomacy to effect even so much. There are some fugitive Poles that have a quasi protection, and a large number of Circassians that have been admitted to act as an antidote to the rebellious spirit of certain populations under Turkish rule; but as a principle the Turk deals in no sentimentality and has no confidence in a Christian of whatever shade or pretense.

Under these circumstances, it is doubtful whether German emigrants ought to be encouraged to emigrate to Asia Minor, and still more doubtful, with all encouragement that the government might be able or inclined to give, whether emigrants could be induced to venture on such an enterprise. It certainly could not be undertaken in good faith on both sides, for the Germans would not go intending to submit long to the rule of the Turk, nor would the latter willingly release the control over all who come, except by superior force. It would be a blessing to the world could the Germans succeed by diplomacy or force in getting possession of all this portion of the Orient, including the Holy Land, and thus solve the problem of the future regarding them; and we bid the few forerunners in this good work Godspeed! We see, however, a still greater obstacle in the way than even the Turks; it is the personal will and inclination of the emigrants themselves. Westward they continue to wend their way toward the new world. All the cajoling or the coaxing of the government in Germany have but little effect. The Germans emigrate as individuals, and not as masses, and therefore ask neither government aid nor protection.

## BRIEF MENTION.

All hail to young America, returned from vacation sports to the hard work of the school-room! We heartily welcome back your happy presence and voices as you throng the streets once more. A little dusty and musty the school-room will seem at first, but soon everything will go smoothly again, and the "hill of science," like the "hill of Zion," will yield to you "a thousand rich perfumes."

It is said that among the hieroglyphics of Egypt is one which represents the last judgment; among others is a man whose one plea is this: "Oh, great Osiris, when I was on earth I never made long speeches!"

Among the topics which Joseph Cook is studying for his lectures, during his next winter's course in Boston, are the present attitude of the Mormon question, and Sunday newspapers.

Full accounts of many of the recent camp-meetings have been received, including Lake View Assembly, the publication of which will be unavoidably postponed till our next issue.

The *Wheelman* for September is as handsomely published and as attractive in its contents as the previous numbers. Its illustrated article—a fine one—is, "A Day in Andover." The periodical proves to be every way a success. It is published at 608 Washington St., Boston. \$2 a year.

We thank the author, Rev. W. C. Holt, S. T. B., for a copy of his thesis read before the Alpha Chapter of the alumni of Boston University. Its title is the "Modern Unbelief in Christianity as a Divine Revelation," and is ably treated.

Henry Faxon has expressed himself, in a characteristic and vigorous article in the *Traveller*, as to his attitude in view of the forthcoming nomination for Governor by the Republican party. He does not usually look around to see who may be with him, but he will certainly have a large following in his present position.

The excellent paper of Rev. J. H. Potts, in the last *Methodist Quarterly Review*, showing that the M. E. Church, in its requisitions for membership, is in substantial accord with apostolic teaching and the views of Mr. Wesley, in answer to a paper in the *Southern Methodist Quarterly Review*, has been published in a separate pamphlet for wider circulation. It is good seed to sow.

The crowning calamity of last week was the terrible earthquake on the island of Java, destroying many villages, devastating the crops, and proving fatal to tens of thousands of people. The great tidal wave created by the earthquake was felt as far as our Pacific coast.

equally attractive; and all for a dollar. Surely, no mission school need be without good reading.

The *Northern Christian Advocate* differs with Dr. Buckley in its opinion of what the Metropolitan Church, Washington, and the *Metropolitan* said about Dr. Newman and justifies its opinion by facts. We have others from equally conspicuous persons whose judgment carries great weight.

Rev. Dr. Bolton has prepared a neat and excellent compilation of the hymns and sacred songs most familiar among our social meetings, and published it in paper covers at only ten cents. The little manual proved a great favorite at the late camp-meetings, and is very useful for the prayer-meeting.

The *Evening Gazette* of Pittston, Pa., has given very graphic and interesting reports of the Wyoming camp-meeting, just closed. They were prepared by young Mr. Everett Scott, son of Rev. O. W. Scott, pastor of the West Pittston M. E. Church. We congratulate our young friend upon his early success with the reportorial pen.

We have read with pleasure the printed essay of Rev. Ward W. Hunt, signed "An Old Methodist," giving his "Reasons for the Removing the Rule which Limits the Pastoral Term to Three Years." These are presented in a very calm and sensible form, and are certainly very forcible. The tract was prepared for the last General Conference, and will be equally pertinent for its successor.

The very instructive and able centennial oration, by Rev. Geo. R. Crooks, LL. D., upon "The History of a Hundred Years of Dickinson College," has been published in a pamphlet form. It greatly interested the large audience which listened to its first utterance, and now it will equally attract and hold the attention of the wider congregation which it will reach. President McCauley says of it truly, "It is every way admirable."

We were much interested, when in Saratoga, at a private illustration of the remarkable success of Stuart Cumberland, esp., in thought reading. The tests to which he submitted were severe, such as interpreting and writing down the date which a person holds in his own mind, and leading, blindfolded, to any point in the room upon which another party has definitely fixed his attention. He simply places the hand of the person on his forehead, and at once discloses the distinctly conceived but unexpressed thoughts. Mr. Cumberland gave an interesting exhibition of his powers in this city a few weeks since.

Rev. J. G. Vaughn, of the Ames M. E. Church, New Orleans, is visiting the North in the interest of a very interesting mission of that church. It has very successfully broken into the Creole Catholic population of the city, and secured a Sunday-school of four hundred scholars. They need an inexpensive chapel, and are seeking aid to build it. The enterprise has the endorsement of Bishop Harris and Drs. Rust, Hartzell and Fowler.

To-day (Wednesday) at 11 A. M., Dr. Daniel Dorchester, at the request of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance, will deliver an address in Wesleyan Hall upon "The Duties of Temperance Men in the Present Condition of the Republic." The address will be one that the friends of the cause cannot afford to lose.

It is significantly intimated in certain quarters that the temperance question is not to be an issue in the coming election, and names of candidates are mentioned for the Republican party who will receive the favorable consideration of the liquor-dealers. The party has tested the forbearance of temperance men to the utmost limit. Any attempt, however offensive the opposing candidate, to trample upon the prohibitory sentiment of a large portion of the Republican party, will certainly be followed by such a stigma as has never been witnessed here before. There is something worse than to have Benjamin Butler as governor, or to have the Republican party defeated, and that is to have run rampant with all its inexpressible evils and miseries.

Among the mottoes ornamenting the walls of the Academy of Music in Rochester, N. Y., preparing it for the Free Thinkers' Convention, held last week, is this: "Indefatigable is liberty; all religion is slavery." Tens of thousands of men, emancipated from the bondage of sin, have died out in their blissful freedom. "Whom the Son maketh free is free indeed!" Indefatigable is license, not liberty; true religion is the broadest liberty to do right.

The Fernel Lecture—a Wesleyan foundation—delivered at the session of the late Conference in Hull, was this year given by Rev. William Arthur. His voice, however, failed him, but his discourse was read by Rev. Dr. T. B. Stephenson. His theme was, "The Difference Between Physical and Moral Laws." It was treated with marked ability, and we trust will be published for the benefit of a larger audience.

Who will say that the beloved and devoted Queen of Madagascar, Ranavolo, has not died of anxiety occasioned by the unchristian attack upon her people and realm by the French forces? For her consolation, when she placed the Bible by the side of her crown, until her death, she has been an excellent sovereign for her country and a devoted Christian disciple. The French will reap no honors from the attack upon Madagascar. The Christian world will look with much solicitude toward the successor to the island throne.

The ordination sermon at the late Wesleyan Conference in Hull, was delivered before an immense audience. The mayor and corporation of the city were present. The full Church of England service was read, and the whole scene was one calculated to impress the imagination and somewhat overwhelm the preacher. The ex-President, Mr. Garrett, however, did not for a moment forget himself. His discourse was a simple, fervent, Gospel sermon. Ex-President Osborn, in seconding a vote of thanks, happily said of it:—

"He (the ex-President) was not led away by the stateliness of the service; not charmed out of his own beautiful simplicity by the attendance of the mayor and corporation; not terrified by the presence of many venerable ministers upon the platform. Mr. Garrett held on his own simple, earnest, faithful course, breaking a fragment of the bread of life for the little child, breaking it for the wise and intelligent and cultured, breaking it for the timid and lonely and down-hearted; so that it struck him when he left the chapel on Sunday morning that there could not have been a single person present, young or old, who was not in a position to say, 'Thank God the minister has remembered me!'"

Very wide and deep sympathy has been awakened in the community by the sad and sudden bereavements which have fallen upon two families of late professors in Andover Seminary. The first was the drowning, while bathing, of the son of Prof. J. H. Thayer, an estimable young man of nineteen; and the second the accidental shooting, by his own hand, of Prof. Stuart Phelps, son of Prof. Austin Phelps, brother of Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, himself an accomplished professor in Smith College, Northampton. Rarely does a blow fall more heavily upon so many bruised hearts. God help them in this hour of supreme sorrow!

—Even a friend of license and a foe to prohibition becomes disgusted and indignant at the audacious and lawless spirit of liquor-sellers. An exchange says:—

"Gov. Crittenden of Missouri is reported to be seriously considering the question of calling an extra session of the legislature, in order to amend the Downing law so as to make it apply to St. Louis, or to prepare and submit a prohibitory amendment to the constitution at the next general election. The governor, in an interview, is reported to have spoken as follows: 'I am an anti-prohibitionist from the soles of my feet to the crown of my head, but I feel, with the people of the State, that if the law is to be defied in St. Louis, and I have to choose between lawlessness and the prohibition, I am a prohibitionist. Under such a provocation prohibition will carry the State by 50,000 majority.'"

The *Independent* is justly severe on the hotel-keepers at Ocean Grove, who refused to receive into their houses gentlemen of color, with a view to making addresses at the late public religious and educational meetings held there. The unchristian spirit of caste is just as hateful and wicked when exhibited at the North as at the South. Ocean Grove, with its announced evangelical atmosphere, ought to be the last place in Christendom where this barbarous spirit should find an illustration.

The Foreign Exhibition, which will be one of the great attractions of the city to home visitors and persons from a distance, was formally opened on Monday, Sept. 3, in the building of the Mechanics' Association. It is a rare display of manufacturing and artistic skill. We shall notice it in full next week.

A private letter from Rev. John A. Cass gives assurance of his returning health and increased strength. He and his companion are now tramping over Switzerland on foot, with their knapsacks upon their backs. Bro. Cass expects to return to his home in the city of the next New England Conference.

Oliver Dutton & Co. issue in a stout pamphlet, neatly bound in paper covers, the "War Songs," familiarly sung in the army and at home during the late struggle for the integrity of the Republic. They will recall many sad and many triumphant hours. The compilation has been made for gatherings of the "Grand Army" and for Memorial Days. It has accompaniments for piano or organ. Fifty cents.

The *Daily Inter-Ocean*, of Chicago, Aug. 22, has a particularly appreciative notice of the Northwestern University—of its ample roll of students in all departments, of its fine suits of buildings and broad grounds, of its vigor and success in its educational and athletic efforts, and of the influence of the college in building up around it a beautiful town (Evansville) under powerful moral and religious influences.

The *Missionary Review* for September and October comes freighted with its usual substantial and miscellaneous articles. Its special papers are, "Africana," "The Twenty-five Years' Idea," "Anam or Cochinchina," "The Scotch Assemblies and Foreign Missions," with letters from missionaries and a summary of missionary progress in 1881-2. Published at Princeton, N. J. \$1.50 per annum.

Greenwich Academy, R. I., sends out a very neat catalogue. Its last year was a prosperous one, the institution numbering 224 students, with 100 during the winter term. It has a very fine faculty and ample accommodations. Its principal has long held his office with growing success and esteem—Rev. Francis D. Blakelee, A. M.

Christian Thought for August, edited by Dr. C. F. Deems, and published by E. B. Treat, 757 Broadway, New York, contains a paper by Dr. Noah Porter, of Yale College, in answer to the question, "What We Can Learn from Philosophy," and upon "Freedom of the Will Empirically Considered," by John Bascom, LL. D., of the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. Worthington C. Ford, 97 Clark St., Brooklyn, N. Y., succeeds the late Mr. R. H. Dyer, secretary of the Society for Political Education, and will supervise the issue of instructive pamphlets on questions of political and social economy, such as have already been sent out. The office of the Society is 4 Morton St., New York city.

The Christian Temperance Women of New Hampshire have labored effectively to secure favorable legislation in that State regarding scientific instruction in the public schools on the subject of temperance. God bless the persistent and faithful women!

The appointment of Rev. Dr. Dorchester, Jr., to a professorship in Boston University, vacates the pulpit of the important charge at Newtonville; but providentially Rev. James Mudge, our returned missionary from India, stands ready for service. He has been called by the presiding elder to assume the pastorate until the next Conference. We heartily congratulate the church, and our excellent Brother Mudge also.

"Knights of the Cross"—a memorial volume of the twin brothers, Melville B. and Gershon F. Cox—now in press, will be out in October. The book is to be illustrated with portraits of the brothers, and also a beautiful likeness of their mother. Mr. Earle, the publisher, says: "This biography of these widely known and honored preachers is crowded with helpful suggestions and impressive lessons." It will be a welcome book to the many friends in New England of these heroic and faithful ministers.

Mr. Geo. A. Sparks, 48 Bible House, New York, has commenced the publication, in quarterly form, royal octavo, of the *Scriptural Hymns*, by T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.—the most picturesque preacher in the land. Two numbers have been issued. The second number has the very effective responses of Mr. Talmage to the platform utterances of Rogers. Mr. Talmage has no peer in his special style of sermonizing. His hold upon his audiences does not weaken. He preaches in pictures, but it is the truth as it is revealed in the Scriptures in parables.

We are happy to learn from a private note that Mr. Orange Judd is constantly, although slowly, improving in health. Referring to the article of Dr. Wentworth upon the old songs of Methodism, he calls attention to the fact that the hymn entitled "The Star of Bethlehem," which the Doctor attributes to Bishop Heber, is properly credited in our Hymnal to Henry Kirk White (No. 187). Heber's Christmas Hymn is No. 186.

One of the best little manuals to place in the hands of those who have just entered upon the new life at the late meetings, is "Probationers' Catechism and Companion." It gives the history, articles of belief, and general rules of the church. It is beautifully compiled and arranged by Rev. S. Olin Garrison, of the New Jersey Conference, and is introduced by an appreciative commendation by Dr. J. O. Peck. It can be obtained at the Depository.

We have read with much interest the quarter-centennial sermon of Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., the vigorous editor of the *Christian Advocate*, delivered, by invitation, in the Summerfield M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Its theme is, "The Changes of Twenty-five Years." The discourse is autobiographic



and a foe to  
indignation  
of liquor.

It is reported  
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August, edited  
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Yale College,  
What We Mean  
upon "Free-  
considered," by  
University of

97 Clark St.,  
the late Mr. R.  
the Society for  
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of the So-  
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Women of  
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y Rev. James  
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has been called  
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We heartily  
our excellent

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Melville B. and  
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mother. Mr.  
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N. 186.

annuals to place  
have just entered  
meetings, is the  
and Compen-  
articles of be-  
church. It has  
arranged by  
the New Jersey  
by an appre-  
J. O. Peck. It  
ory.

ed in the opening,  
and this portion will  
awaken much interest  
among readers who  
have only known Dr.  
Buckley in his later  
years. The Doctor  
pictures, with a vivid  
pen, the civil, social,  
and moral changes of  
the past quarter of a  
century, and refers  
particularly to the  
religious condition of  
the churches, espe-  
cially of our own.  
The sermon is an  
excellent and very  
suggestive treat for  
the times.

A correspondent of  
the Christian World  
(London), writing about  
a late visit in Ger-  
many, and speaking of  
the University at  
Halle, to which the  
destructive Biblical critic,  
Wellhausen, was last  
year removed and given  
the chair of philosophy,  
says he (Wellhausen)  
put continues his discus-  
sions upon the Old  
Testament, lecturing  
upon Isaiah and Jer-  
emiah, in the presence  
of only seven or eight  
students, while the  
learned and orthodox  
Leitzsch, in the neigh-  
boring University of  
Leipzig, addresses  
nearly two hundred.  
So popular or neglected  
is the former, that the  
writer found it difficult  
to discover the hall  
where he met his stu-  
dents. Rather dis-  
couraging this for the  
detractors!

Absence from the  
office prevented our  
noting one of a pleasant  
surprise to which  
we were invited, in  
Ward, Delaware County,  
Pa. It was happily  
arranged in commemora-  
tion of the twentieth  
anniversary of the mar-  
riage of Prof. Benjamin  
F. and Mrs. Sarah S.  
Leggett. We heartily  
bear to the esteemed  
couple our congratulations.  
Long may the Pro-  
fessor live, with his  
heart warmed by pure  
meditation, to interpret  
to his generation the  
inspiration of the  
Muses!

L. S. Hopkins, Ph. D., of  
Emory College, Oxford,  
Ga., has published at  
his request an address  
delivered before the  
annual of that institu-  
tion upon "Industrial  
Education," with a  
statement and plea for  
the means of intro-  
ducing technical educa-  
tion in that college.  
The subject is ably and  
persuasively discussed,  
and we hope the fruit  
of it will early be  
seen in the provision  
of means for such  
needed training in  
this vigorous Southern  
institution.

Rev. John L. Smith, of  
the Northwest Indiana  
Conference, who has  
heretofore been com-  
pletely interested in  
the question of the  
support of worn-out  
preachers, their wid-  
ows and orphans, pub-  
lishes a pamphlet  
setting forth at large  
their claim, and the  
legislation of the  
church up to the pre-  
sent time in their  
behalf. He proposes  
that they shall be  
placed by the Disci-  
pline in the same  
position as presiding  
elders and bishops,  
and share *pro rata*  
with the pastors in  
the salaries for the  
preaching of the  
Gospel. This ques-  
tion is ably argued  
in an instructive  
tract. A prayer to  
the next General Con-  
ference is embodied  
in the pamphlet.

In a report to the  
managers of the  
British Museum, Dr.  
Ginsberg declares  
that the Shapira  
manuscript of por-  
tions of Deuter-  
onomy, about which  
the papers of late  
have had so much  
discussion, is a for-  
gery. Some persons  
have pointed out the  
striking signifi-  
cance of the name of  
the holder of these  
apparently venerable  
skins with their  
Hebrew inscriptions.  
A little change in  
the relation of the  
letter gives the name  
of the Hebrew slave  
in his visit to the  
"Promised Land,"  
and brought back  
by them on the  
staffs to the camp of  
Israel on the edge of  
the desert. All doubt  
would have been re-  
moved by the bunc-  
hes of this luscious  
fruit received from  
the conservatory of  
Mr. John S. Farlow,  
of Newton. One  
bunch weighed  
three pounds, and  
another (white)  
two. The fruit  
was of the size  
of plums, and  
they were as  
luscious as the  
size were large.  
Possibly the vines  
have sprung from  
some of the seeds  
of Canaan!

We are not  
advocates of  
Sunday camp-  
meetings. We do  
not believe in  
encouraging  
evil that good  
may come, but,  
certainly, there  
was nothing in  
the appearance  
of the grounds  
or company at  
Hamilton during  
the Sabbath of  
the late meeting,  
that could, with  
the broadest  
license, justify  
such an item  
as appears in  
the last *Christian  
Leader*!

No people more  
deeply regret the  
modern indica-  
tions which threat-  
en to become  
practical than do  
the Methodists  
themselves. The  
hordes which  
on the annual  
Sunday flock to  
Asbury camp-  
meeting, bid fair  
to do for the  
faithful what the  
Goths did for  
Rome. One  
Methodist clergy-  
man refused to  
attend the meet-  
ing at all, on the  
ground that the  
place was no  
longer a place  
of young ladies!  
The excursion  
party have be-  
come too strong  
for the situation.  
An attempt to  
exclude them  
was made, and  
the only safe  
way is to leave  
the gates ajar.  
And even that  
is perilous!

We are assured  
that there was  
never better  
order, more quiet,  
or a deeper  
religious feel-  
ing manifested  
than at the late  
meeting. A  
Methodist min-  
ister's daughter  
would be in  
much more in-  
tense places  
than we know  
of, or even cer-  
tain mountain  
resorts.

It is said that  
little short of a  
fracture of the  
skull will enable  
a Scotchman to  
take in a large  
quantity of  
Spanish bull-  
fight. To our  
amusement, a  
suburban send  
in a serious  
protestation  
against a religious  
paper being  
proud of such  
a person and  
such an act,  
and hardly  
knowing what  
the world is  
coming to when  
Zion's Herald  
glorifies such  
a performance!  
Dear friend,  
you evidently  
read the first  
sentence and  
then "went off  
at half cock."  
Zion's Herald  
is all right;  
it does not  
reckon  
Sullivan as  
among its sub-  
scribers; it  
even de-  
nounces the  
city authorities  
and the trust-  
ees of the  
Mechanics' As-  
sociation build-  
ing, in a pre-  
vious paper,  
for licensing  
and opening  
that hall for  
an exhibition  
of his ability  
to "punish,"  
in an exhibi-  
tion of his  
brute force,  
his opponents.  
It is a good  
plan when  
one reads a  
surprising sen-  
tence in a  
familiar pa-  
per to examine  
it, and what  
follows, some-  
what carefully.  
It may prove  
a relief to the  
reader and  
save the credit  
of the editor.

Many warm  
friends of Mr.  
Wm. L. Lib-  
bey, in Chelsea,  
Boston, and  
Newton, where  
he has resided  
of late, will  
learn with  
sorrow of his  
sudden death,  
last Thursday  
morning. His  
sickness com-  
menced while  
at a summer  
resort in Prin-  
ceton, Mass.  
It was sup-  
posed that it  
might have  
been occasioned  
by bad sewer-  
age, affecting  
the water, as  
others suffered  
at the same  
time. It took  
on a fatal  
turn, but a  
few hours  
before his  
death. He  
was the  
faithful mem-  
ber of the  
M. E. Church  
for many  
years, often  
giving his  
testimony  
in our social  
meetings. He  
was conscious  
to the last,  
and in prayer  
placed himself  
and his dear  
family in  
Divine hands  
just before his  
death. No  
more affecting  
testimony can  
be borne  
to the gentle  
and genial  
character of  
Mr. Libbey  
than the resolu-  
tions prepared  
by his two  
hundred em-  
ployees, and  
their impres-  
sive presence  
at his funeral.  
These resolu-

tion which is  
unintentionally  
unjust. The  
Lord's law of  
judgment,  
"By their fruits  
ye shall know  
them," would  
have guided  
Mr. Coles to a  
different con-  
clusion, and it  
is the only safe  
rule. If Swen-  
dberg's teach-  
ings are worse  
than those of  
the Mormons,  
as Mr. C. re-  
marks, it would  
follow that the  
practices of our  
people must be  
worse, but I  
have never heard  
of any allega-  
tion of this sort  
laid against them,  
who understand  
Swedenborg's  
work and words  
very differently  
from Mr. Coles.  
They read as  
the general law  
(No. 71): "This  
love, considered  
in its origin and  
its correspondence,  
is heavenly,  
spiritual, holy,  
pure and clean,  
above every  
love which is  
with the angels  
of heaven and  
the men of the  
church; and these  
attributes cannot  
be given except  
to those who are  
joined to the Lord,  
and from the Lord  
consecrated with  
the angels of  
heaven; for these  
shun extra con-  
jugal loves, which  
are conjunctions  
with others than  
their own con-  
sors, as the loss  
of the soul and  
the lakes of hell;  
and in proportion  
as a consort  
shuns such con-  
junctions, even as  
to lusts of the  
will and purposes  
therefrom, so far  
love is purified  
with them, and  
becomes success-  
fully spiritual, first  
while they live on  
earth, and after-  
wards in heaven."  
T. F. WRIGHT.  
Editor New Jerusalem Magazine.

The remarkable  
feature about the  
springs at Saratoga  
is their wonderfully  
different constitu-  
ents, and the varied  
proportions in  
which the several  
medicinal elements  
enter into the  
waters. Some of  
the springs are  
powerful cathartics,  
like the Hachorn,  
Congress, and the  
Empire. Others are  
tonic like the Colum-  
bian, and sedative  
like the Washington.  
The favorite after-  
noon spring in  
Saratoga, and the  
most popular table-  
water bottled for  
sale throughout  
the country, is  
the Vichy. It has  
in its composition  
a large proportion  
of bi-carbonate of  
soda and magnesia.  
For slow diges-  
tion and an acid  
stomach no prepara-  
tion has been found  
to be more effec-  
tual. "We know  
how this is our  
own!" It is a  
very pleasant  
drink besides,  
having little of  
the stringent harsh-  
ness of some of  
the other waters.  
It has become  
very popular all  
over the country,  
and is found in  
draft in all the  
principal cities. As  
it can be compoun-  
ded more cheaply  
than it is brought  
from the springs,  
we have much man-  
ufactured Vichy;  
but by purchasing  
directly from the  
office of Charles D.  
Vichy Spring Co., of  
which Charles D.  
Vichy, esq., is  
superintendent,  
the pure article,  
fresh from the  
spring, as obtained  
by a divine chemist,  
can always be  
guaranteed.

Two somewhat  
remarkable, partly  
autobiographical,  
memoirs of eminent  
New York citizens  
have lately been  
issued from the  
press—the lives of  
John A. Dix and  
of Thurlow Weed,  
two men widely  
different in char-  
acter and culture,  
but both conspicu-  
ous in their chosen  
spheres, making  
themselves felt  
in State and na-  
tional politics,  
genuine men  
and patriots, leav-  
ing a strong im-  
pression of their  
individual personal-  
ities behind them.  
Thurlow Weed was  
emphatically a  
man of the people,  
and a fine product  
of our demo-  
cratic institutions.  
With limited edu-  
cation and an insat-  
iable desire for  
knowledge, with  
unquenchable  
hope and persever-  
ance, aided by  
fortuitous circum-  
stances, he came to  
be one of the most  
noted of the political  
prophets and  
organizers of his  
day. His personal  
abstinence from  
public office gave  
him all the more  
power in his very  
successful efforts  
to secure the elec-  
tion of his party  
candidates in  
State and Federal  
offices. Behind all  
this outward move-  
ment was the in-  
ward life of an  
honest, earnest,  
diligent and suc-  
cessful man.  
His business—  
printer and editor—  
was itself an  
education, and his  
connection, from a  
very early period,  
with the politics of  
the day, broadened  
his views and pre-  
pared him for the  
prominent place he  
afterwards secured  
and held for so  
many years in  
connection with  
Mr. Greeley and  
Gov. Seward, and  
the leading politi-  
cians of his time.  
His reportorial  
training happily  
fitted him for his  
autobiographical  
work, which fortu-  
nately was entered  
upon before his  
physical or mental  
strength had abated,  
and for which his  
retirement from  
active business  
afforded him an  
ample opportunity.  
The book has a  
singular fascina-  
tion about it. Its  
style is perfectly  
plain, but it is  
constantly lighted  
up by amusing  
incidents and  
varied by collat-  
eral history. Mr.  
Weed's memory  
was something  
remarkable, and  
his own newspaper  
files offered con-  
stant resources  
for the verification  
of facts. Political  
intrigues and elec-  
tions took on  
much the same  
character a half  
century since, as  
now. The story of  
those days, as  
graphically told  
by one of the  
chief actors in  
them, bears a  
very familiar  
character. A few  
men led the  
masses then as  
verily as they  
are supposed to  
do now. Mr.  
Weed brings his  
personal re-  
miniscences down  
to the opening of  
the great civil  
war. A second  
volume from the  
hand of his daugh-  
ter, Miss Harriet  
A. Weed, who  
has very judi-  
ciously edited this  
work, will give  
the public estima-  
tion of her father  
and bring his  
life down to its  
close. The marked  
religious interest  
of his later days,  
greatly quickened  
by the public  
ministrations of  
Mr. Moody,  
for whom he  
formed a high  
estimation—even  
visiting New  
Haven during his  
labors there to  
give him the aid  
of his countenance  
and to bear  
personal testi-  
mony to the  
grace of the  
Gospel he pre-  
ached—will be  
illustrated by  
touching incidents  
and testimonies  
from his own  
hand—the mem-  
orable answer in  
the New York  
Herald to Ingersoll—  
and by the  
affecting tribute  
of his family  
clergyman,  
Messrs. Houghton,  
Mifflin & Co.,  
who have issued  
the first volume  
of this interesting  
work, making a  
thick octavo of  
657 pages, illus-  
trated with seven  
steel portraits—  
two of Mr. Weed,  
and of President  
Adams, of William  
Morgan, the  
martyr of the  
Masonry, Gov.  
Seward, and  
President Har-  
rison and  
Taylor. The  
work when com-  
pleted will be  
a notable contribu-  
tion to the  
history of the  
first century of  
the Republic.

The attention of  
our ministers is  
especially called  
to the announce-  
ment of our pub-  
lisher on the 8th  
page of this pa-  
per. It is a  
favorable  
time to secure  
new subscribers,  
and we hope  
that each pastor  
will give notice  
to his congrega-  
tion that new  
subscribers can  
have the  
Herald fifteen  
months for one  
subscription.

THOSE MINUTES  
ONCE MORE!  
Ought not  
Methodist "Min-  
utes" to tell the  
truth, and deal  
justly with the  
people? Why, then,  
did not the last  
Minutes of the N. E.  
S. Conference give  
Campello credit  
for the \$15 raised  
for Conference  
claimants, which  
sum, duly mark-  
ed, was by me  
personally placed  
in the hands of  
Rev. D. L. Brown  
at the session of  
the Conference,  
and was duly  
reported in the  
statistics of the  
charge? It is  
rather late for  
administering  
the "rod of cor-  
rection," but I  
did not notice the  
occasion for it  
until recently.  
The worst about  
these frequent  
omissions is, that  
the people are  
left in doubt,  
and led, perhaps,  
to unhappy sus-  
picions as to  
what has become  
of their offerings.  
When will the  
age of correct  
Minutes arrive?

A CORRECTION.  
EDITOR ZION'S HERALD:  
As a constant  
reader of your  
paper, which has  
seemed to me  
among the most  
faithful to fair  
and kind dealing  
with Christians  
not of its own  
fold, I was  
somewhat pained  
to see in your  
issue of Aug. 29  
an article on  
"Wesley and  
Swedenborg,"  
by Rev. D. S.  
Coles. Mr. Coles  
seems to me to  
be justly indig-  
nant at the re-  
mark of Swen-  
dberg's biog-  
rapher White, that  
had Wesley met  
with Swen-  
dberg, the course  
of Methodism  
might have  
been different.  
Such a remark  
appears to me  
dearly unwelcome.

But Mr. Coles  
then proceeds to  
consider that  
portion of Swen-  
dberg's work on  
"Conjugal Love,"  
which treats of  
the greater and  
lesser violations  
of true marriage,  
and he gives a  
view of

ment of the  
proposed publish-  
ing house for  
the North India  
Conference at  
Lucknow. Deacon  
Morse gave \$540  
at the Douglas  
camp-meeting to  
the William  
Taylor mission  
work.

The fall term of  
Maine Wesleyan  
Seminary and  
Female College  
commenced Aug.  
21. A good num-  
ber of students  
are in attendance,  
and they give  
indication that  
they have come to  
work. There is  
quite a change  
in the faculty.  
Prof. Trefethen  
leaves the de-  
partment of  
mathematics; Prof.  
Brewer, from  
Winsor, Conn.,  
the department  
of ancient lan-  
guages; Prof. B. O.  
McIntire, English  
literature and  
belles lettres; and  
Prof. W. S. Morse  
and wife are in  
their old position  
in the music  
department. All  
have entered  
heartily upon  
their labors.  
Everything seems  
favorable for a  
prosperous term.  
The religious  
interest is good.  
One student has  
already become  
a Christian, and  
others express a  
desire to do so.  
The social meet-  
ings are well  
attended, and a  
spirit of devo-  
tion pervades  
them. The presi-  
dent and faculty  
seemed deter-  
mined, as in the  
past, to spare no  
pains to guard,  
guide and de-  
velop the intel-  
lect and morals  
of the students  
placed under  
their care. The  
president's house  
is progressing.  
The frame is up,  
and the indica-  
tions are that he  
may occupy it by  
the close of the  
year.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.  
Bro. Dorr has so  
far recovered that  
he announced his  
intention to occupy  
the pulpit the first  
Sabbath of Sep-  
tember.  
Rev. James T. Pike,  
of Providence,  
R. I., a graduate of  
class '83 of the  
Andover Seminary,  
has been invited to  
the pastorate of  
the East Concord  
Congregational  
Church.

The Wilnot camp-  
meeting, to be held  
Sept. 10-15, will be  
independent and  
non-sectarian, all  
evangelical denom-  
inations being  
invited to take  
part.  
Vacation season  
is over, camp-  
meetings are ended,  
and pastors and  
people are gener-  
ally home again  
and ready for  
the fall and win-  
ter campaign. With  
soul and body  
refreshed, may we  
not look for great  
things in the name  
of the Lord?

The pastor at  
Amesbury, Bro. Mc-  
Gregor, is doing  
well in his new  
charge. He is very  
popular with all  
classes, and is in  
a position to do  
good work.  
We are sorry to  
chronicle the death  
of Sister Ida M.  
White, wife of Rev.  
Fred E. White, of  
Epping, N. H., which  
occurred at the  
home of her sister  
in Tuftonboro, where  
she was visiting.  
Sister White had  
been in delicate  
health for some  
time, and her death  
was not unexpected.  
This is a sore  
affliction to Bro.  
White, for she was  
to him a help-  
meet indeed. They  
were married six  
years ago, and  
have worked faith-  
fully side by side  
since that time.  
She was converted  
in 1876 at Dover,  
under the labors  
of Rev. O. W. Scott.  
The funeral  
services began  
with prayers at  
the house in  
Tuftonboro, were  
continued at  
Wolboro Bridge,  
and ended at  
Epping. At the  
latter place they  
were in charge  
of Presiding Elder  
Jenkins. Bro.  
Thurston gave  
the principal  
address, speaking  
of her early life  
and conversion.  
Bro. Howard  
spoke of her home  
life, and Bro. G. C.  
Noyes of her last  
hours. It is  
sufficient to say  
that her death  
was triumphant,  
and exemplified  
the power of the  
Gospel. Bro. White  
needs the warm  
sympathy and  
prayers of his  
brethren.

Rev. Wm. S. Locke  
and wife, of Man-  
chester, celebrated  
the fiftieth anni-  
versary of their  
marriage at their  
home in Bakersville,  
a suburb of the  
city, on Monday,  
Aug. 27. All the  
children and  
grandchildren  
were present. The  
family gathering  
consisted of James  
Locke, judge of  
the United States  
District Court at  
Key West, Florida,  
his wife and three  
children; Joseph  
Locke, a Chicago  
merchant, and wife;  
Mrs. Bartlett,  
of Kittery, Me.;  
Eugene Locke,  
clerk of the court,  
of Key West, Florida;  
and Miss Isetta  
Locke, one of the  
teachers in the  
public schools at  
Manchester. Bro.  
Locke was formerly  
a traveling preacher,  
and is now a local  
preacher connected  
with St. Paul's  
Church. He has  
been a resident  
of Bakersville for  
twenty-five years,  
and is highly  
esteemed by his  
church associates  
and neighbors.  
Some of the fam-  
ily had not seen  
each other for  
years, and the  
occasion was  
one of unusual  
interest. During  
the day Bro. Locke  
baptized his  
youngest grand-  
child. We extend  
our congratulations  
on this golden  
anniversary, and  
hope for them  
many years more  
of this life, and  
in the world to  
come life everlasting.

Friday evening, Aug.  
24, was the  
twenty-fifth anni-  
versary of the  
marriage of Rev.  
J. W. Adams and  
wife, of Newport.  
A large number  
of persons pre-  
sented their con-  
gratulations,  
so that for several  
hours their rooms  
were filled. A  
great many presents  
were received,  
and the evening  
passed quickly  
and pleasantly.  
May they live  
to see the golden  
anniversary!

Church Register.  
HERALD CALENDAR.  
Meetings for the  
Promotion of Holiness,  
every Monday, at 2.30 p. m., in  
Wesleyan Hall.  
Foremost Camp-meeting,  
Sept. 2-7  
Portland Dis. Camp-meeting,  
at Martha's Grove, Fryeburg, Me.,  
Sept. 2-8  
Amen Camp-meeting,  
Sept. 2-8  
China Camp-meeting,  
Sept. 2-8  
Wilnot Camp-meeting,  
Sept. 2-8  
Grovelton, N. H. Camp-meeting,  
Sept. 2-8  
Silver Lake Camp-meeting,  
Sept. 2-8  
Mtn. Assn. at Houlton,  
Oct. 10-11

N. E. BRANCH W. F. M. SOCIETY.—The  
Financial Year of the Woman's Foreign  
Missions Society closes with Oct. 1.  
Treasurers of auxiliaries are requested  
to forward all funds by or before that  
time.  
MRS. J. P. MAGEE, Treas.  
Malden, Mass.

REOPENING SERVICES.—The Harvard  
St. M. E. Church, Cambridgeport, Mass.,  
having completed the alterations and  
improvements on their house of  
worship, will reopen for divine service  
on Sunday, Sept. 9. Sermon in the  
morning at 10.30. In the evening  
at 7.30 there will be brief addresses  
by several of the former pastors.  
On Monday evening, Sept. 10, there  
will be a responsive reception  
and festival in the church. Former  
pastors and members are cordially  
invited, and a large and pleasant  
gathering is expected.

GEO. S. CHADBOURNE, Pastor.

The Best Baking Powder.  
The best baking powder is made from pure  
Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a  
small quantity of flour or starch. Fre-  
quently other ingredients are used, and serve a  
purpose in reducing the cost and increasing the  
profits of the manufacturer.  
We give the Government Chemist's analyses  
of two of the leading baking powders:  
I have examined samples of "Cleveland's  
Superior Baking Powder" manufactured at  
Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder,"  
both purchased by myself in this city, and  
I find them contain:  
"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."  
Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Flour  
Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent,  
equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per oz.  
of Powder.  
"Royal Baking Powder."  
Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Tartaric Acid  
Starch  
Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent,  
equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz.  
of Powder.  
Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent, equivalent to  
10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.  
Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless  
introduced as free acid, but subsequently  
combined with ammonia, and exists in the  
Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.  
—E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.  
NEW YORK JAN. 17th, 1881.

The above analyses indicate a preference  
for "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder,"  
and our opinion is that it is the better prepa-  
ration.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Business Notices.  
SARATOGA SPRINGS.  
DR. STRONG'S  
Remedial Institute, Open all the Year.  
Location: delightful and central. Table and  
apartment first class. Bath department, complete  
and elegant, affording the only opportunity in Saratoga  
for Turkish, Russian, Roman, Electrother-  
mal and Hydropathic baths. Society lawn and  
cultured. Summer resort of many eminent per-  
sons for rest and recreation. 28

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Wins-  
low's Soothing Syrup should always be  
ready to relieve the little sufferer when it  
cures all kinds of colic, wind, flatulency,  
diarrhea, and all the other ailments of  
infancy. It is a pleasant and safe remedy,  
and is the best known remedy for  
diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other  
causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. 268

Money Letters from Aug. 25 to Sept. 1.  
A. Almy, A. Cutler, O. A. Davidson, J. Eaton,  
A. R. Fenton, A. Goodrich, C. C. Harvey, C.  
Haynes, L. S. Hill, S. D. Holman, D. R. Joy,  
Lambert, L. A. Luce, J. G. Marsh, J. B. Rob-  
inson, J. W. Smith, Wm. Spaulding, J. F. Sutton, H.  
K. Stevens, F. M. Wood, C. E. Whitten, H. E.  
Wing. 269

IMPORTANT.  
When you visit or leave New York City, save Bag-  
gage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at  
Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central  
Depot. 400 elegant rooms, fitted up at an expense  
of One Million Dollars, reduced to \$1, and upwards  
per day. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the  
best. Horse Cars, Stages and Elevated Rail Road  
at all Depots. Families can live better for less  
money at the Grand Union than at any other  
first-class hotel in the city. 260

Marriages.  
BADGER—RANDLETT—In Quincy, Aug. 29,  
by Rev. R. W. Harlow, Charles F. Badger to Net-  
tie A. Randlett. 21, East Fairmount.  
WOODS—CUNNINGHAM—In West Medford,  
Aug. 25, by Rev. C. W. Wilder, William H. Woods  
to Julia A. Cunningham, both of West Medford.  
STIMSON—BROWN—At the M. E. Parsonage  
in Gayville, Va., Aug. 29, by Rev. R. K. Hastings,  
Edwin A. Stimson to Miss Jennie A. Brown, both  
of Greenville, Vt. 261

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.  
NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.  
(Remainder.)  
AUGUST.  
14, Falmouth City. 28, So. Yarmouth.  
17, Cottage City.  
SEPTEMBER.  
3-5, Silver Lake Camp. 21, West Fairmount.  
6, Taunton. 22, East Fairmount.  
8, Brunswick. 23-25, S. N. Harwich.  
9, So. Abington. 26, West Dennis.  
11, Taunton, 1st Church. 28, Yarmouth Port.  
12, Berkeley. 29, Truro and So. Truro.  
13, Dighton. 30, Provincetown, Cen-  
tury Church.  
15-16, Long Plain. 25, Provincetown, Centre.  
17, Fall River, 1st Church. 26-28, Orleans.  
18, Marston. 30, Eve, Eastham.  
19, Pocasset.

OCTOBER.  
1, Wellfleet. 18, Edgartown.  
2, Chatham. 17, Chatham.  
3, East Harwich. 18, North Tisbury.  
4, Marston's Mills. 19, Fall River, North  
5, Otterville. 20, Church.  
8, New Bedford, Pleasant St.  
9, New Bedford, Fourth St.  
10, Taunton, Central. 24, Barnstable.  
11, Church. 25, Sandwich.  
12, Taunton, Grace. 26, Sandwich.  
13, Church. 27-28, Monument.  
14, North Dighton. 29, Wareham.  
15-16, Nantucket. 30, South Carver.  
17, Vineyard Haven. 31, South Middleboro.

NOVEMBER.  
1, Middleboro. 3, Westport Point.  
2, Fairhaven.  
Cottage City, Mass., Aug. 27.  
BOSTON EVANGELICAL MINISTERS' ASSO-  
CIATION.  
The regular meeting will be held on Monday,  
Sept. 10, at 10 a. m., in Wesleyan Hall, and will  
be addressed by Dr. Latimer, Dean of the School  
of Theology of Boston University. Subject: "Is the  
Christian System Rational?"  
WM. INGRAM HAYES, Sec'y.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.  
Absolutely Pure.

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Absolutely Pure.

CARPETS.  
30 DAYS! SPECIAL CARPET SALE  
TO CLOSE OUT SUCH PATTERNS AS ARE OUT OF LOOM.  
STANDARD VELVETS.  
300 Pieces (about 20 Patterns) of our best; much superior for service to  
Moquette Carpets.

5-FRAME BODY BRUSSELS.  
250 Pieces (about 25 Patterns) of the best, suitable for Parlors, Bedrooms,  
Offices, etc. OUR MAKE, and Standard Goods.

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